THE
FOLLY
OF
PRIEST-CRAFT.
A Comedy.

Simulata Sanctitas Duplex Iniquitas.

SCENE,
St. *JAMES*'s, or the *SAVOY*.

Anon.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in *Warwick-Lane*, MDCXC. 29. *Sept.*

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The PROLOGUE.

When first our Poet gave his Mind to write,
He freely owns he had no Muſe, but ſpite
To ſee his Native Country men oppreſt,
By clumſy Prieſts that ſeem'd to be in jeſt,
Even then when Nature ſtrove to do her beſt.
Thence his juſt Indignation higher roſe,
Venting himſelf in this Satyrick Proſe,
As might their Follies and their Crimes oppoſe.
Yet his ſoft hand deſigns no mortal Wound,
Nor would he touch on any part that's ſound.
The Innocent are from his Darts ſecure,
And the Infected he deſigns to cure.
Beſides——
He was ambitious to preſent to view,
Something that might deſerve the Name of New.
Fopling he thought ſo long had trod the Stage,
He ſeem'd to have outliv'd Methuſalem's *Age.*
And though in various Dreſſes he appears,
His various Dreſſes cannot hide his Years.
His Charms grow old, and can delight no more,
The ſhining Sex, that he oblig'd before;
The Bawd, the Punk, the Souldier, and the Cit,
The Man of Breeding, and the Man of Wit,
With dull repeated Humours clog the Pit:
The Bully, Cully, and the Country Squire;
The Engliſh Vicar, and the Spaniſh Friar,
Though he, they ſay, has lately quitted Station,
And publickly has made a Recantation.
All theſe, by turns, have on the Stage appear'd,
And thought it there no ſcandal to be jear'd.
None but the Plotting Prieſt did ſneak away
Behind the Scenes, and there ſecurely lay,
'Till our bold Poet drew him into light,
And here preſents him naked to your ſight.
But ſome will ſay——
Zounds, the dull Rogue has left us in the lurch,
Promis'd a Play, and brought us to a Church,

To see a Race of mumbling Bald-pate Friars,
And heard (what need not) Jesuits prov'd Lyars:
And 'stead of the gay Humours of the Town,
Presents the Follies of the lazy Gown:
These Sparks he tells, that if they will dispence,
For these two Hours, with his noiseless Sense:
Some more than some have Humour, and some Wit;
This sure will do, expel but Priests the Pit.
But if this won't, when he has done his best,
He'l speak to Captain Tom *to do the rest.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. *Turnabout*, A new Convert, in love with *Lucasia.*
Lord *Brittain*, A Romanist, and true English-man.
Young *Subtleman*, A Gentleman, that to raise his Fortune, gives the Fathers hopes of his Conversion.
Sir *George Subtleman*, Father.
Cautious, an old Covetous Priest.
Bigot, A Zealous Priest.
Mackdonnel, an Irish blundering Priest.
Politico, A contriving Intriguing Priest.
Jonathan Simper, A Punk that serves *Cautious* in Man's Cloaths.
Four Priests and Three Catists from St. *Omers.*
Manual, Secretary to *Politico.*
Four Footmen, Servants to *Lucasia.*
Constable, Watch, Rabble, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Lucasia, A Lady of Vertue and Fortune, but a hater of the Priests.
Betty her Maid.
Mrs. *Counterfeit* a Procuress.
Mrs. *Speedwel* her Creature.
Whores, *&c.*

The Folly of Priest-Craft,

A

COMEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Turnabout. Young Subtleman.

Turn. FAith *Jack* I have had ill luck this Month or two.

Subt. Prethee, What's the matter?

Turn. Why I've parted very friendly with my Religion, and can get nothing for it.

Subt. Then there is just nothing for nothing. The Rogues you deal with are cunning, and know how to fit you to an hair: but I have had worse fortune, I have parted with my Mony, and got nothing for it: Now there is Substance for nothing, which according to my Philosophy is very unnatural.

Turn. Well, I must find some other way of thriving; this changing a Man's Religion is a meer drug, 'tis grown too common.

Subt. You cannot find a better, if you take the right Way.

Turn. The right Way, *Jack* why no Man could take a better: First, I applied my self to a Priest, whose Interest I thought to be greatest at Court, and told him that I was a Gentleman of a good Estate, and once a zealous Protestant; that I had always led a strict and vertuous Life, but that now I could find no Satisfaction that way, and now I desired to be admitted a Member of their Church.

Subt. So, very good.

Turn. Then I frequented all publick Masses; the private ones were never any part of my Religion: I confessed to him none but such Vices, as with other Men would pass for Vertues, and indeed greater Vertues than ever I was guilty of; I made him believe that I performed all Penances double, that I had discarded all my Friends and Kinsmen upon the account of Difference in Opinion, and amongst them a very dear Relation; that I desired to serve my Country in some publick Employment Military or Civil, not for Gain, but Advancement of the Catholick Cause, insomuch that ——

Subt. Insomuch that he thought thee to be a very zealous and conscientious Catholick.

Turn. Yes faith, *Jack*, as good as any in *England.*

Subt. Why that same is the very reason that he never sought to prefer thee: The Fathers know that those that are Catholicks by Perswasion will do them Service without the visible Prospect of a Reward, and therefore they are never eager in preferring them to places of true Profit —— but they know those that are led to them by Interest, they must continually feed with the same Bait that brought them on, lest they fly off and scare others from it.

Turn. Thinkest thou so, Boy!

Subt. Think ſo, Why? it is moſt certainly true——Canſt thou imagine the Fathers are ſuch ill Husbands as to procure a Reward for thoſe that are ſuch Fools as to ſerve their ends without it. If thou think'ſt to get any thing conſiderable by their Interceſſion, you muſt let them plainly underſtand, that you are no puny whining Catholick, troubled with Scruples of Conſcience, but Rogue enough to ſerve them in all things.

Turn. Well, ſo much may eaſily be done.

Subt. I know it may, and by theſe means thou wilt have a double Tie upon them; Firſt, they will fear to loſe thee, unleſs they ſupply ſufficient Nutriment to all thy large Stock of Vices: And ſome of them I know are not ſoon ſatisfied. And in the ſecond place, they will underſtand that thou art a fit Inſtrument to act a part in any pious Villany; and if that will not make thee, nothing can. Then in the next place

Turn. Aye, Prethee, What's in the next place?

Subt. You muſt write a Book in their Defence.

Turn. What an unconſcionable Dog art thou, thou knoweſt I can hardly bare the damn'd Fatigue to read one, and——

Subt. Phoo, Pox, you will write the better for that——There are ſeveral old Pieces wrote by *Campian* and others, thou mayſt get a Scrivener to tranſcribe a dozen or two of Pages in the middle of the Book, invent a Title, and publiſh it in thine own Name, and thou ſhalt be as great a Champion as St. *George* on Horſeback, and then——

Turn. What, more Advice ſtill?

Subt. Aye, Faith, and good Advice too. Thou muſt be ſure to deal with the Fathers as ſome Gallants do with vicious Women that ſtand upon their Reputation; thou muſt pry into all their Secrets, and then they will faithfully ſerve thee, as the *Indians* do the Devil, not out of Love but Fear. Whenever they caſt out a Devil by Compact with the pretended poſſeſſed Perſon, Do thou be one of the Witneſſes, and take care to have an hand in the buſineſs. Whenever they make an Image ſpeak, or a Relick cure one that never was ſick; do thou be one that ſtands behind the Curtain, or that applies the Remedy, or ſubſcribes to the truth of the Miracle. Whenever they deviſe a new way to deſtroy Hereticks by the gentle methods of Fire and Sword; do thou be one of their Confederates, and promiſe to be a principal Actor in the Tragedy. If ever any of the Fathers do tempt or are tempted by a Woman, do——

Turn. Phew, ſay no more of that——I know enough of their Secrets that way.

Subt. 'Tis well, *Jack*, if thou doſt, for they are the moſt profitable Secrets of any. For when they underſtand that thou art Rogue enough to change ſides, and diſcover all whenever it is for thy advantage, they muſt get thy Mouth ſtopp'd by Mony or Preferment for this. In remote Countries they do not much value their Reputation; yet here where they are bound to their good Behaviour (which ſome of them like worſe than to be bound to a Whipping-Poſt) they muſt dread them that know their Secrets, leſt the Diſcovery ſhould hinder their grand Projection.

Turn. Thou ſpeakeſt good Senſe, but ſtill I am not ſatisfied that 'tis my beſt courſe; for Mr. *Bigot*, upon whom I chiefly relie, is a Prieſt that is truly zealous in his way. He is Maſter of a good Head, which would be capable of bearing Learning, if it were not applied altogether to the Politicks, which I believe are his only Study, ſo that now it looks like a good Field, that for want of Tillage is over-run with Briars and Thiſtles. He is naturally inclin'd to Honeſty, and juſt in all things wherein his Religion is not concern'd, but then he ſticks at nothing. He ſtudies nothing but the Advancement of the Catholick Cauſe. As for himſelf, tho he has a ſufficient Intereſt at Court, yet I believe him to be poor and needy: His Zeal is ſo hot, that it ſeemes to have burn'd up his Eyes, and dry'd up his Brain to the quantity of a Nutmeg, ſo that I think the Man might have been learned, honeſt, and wiſe, if his Religion had not made him a Dunce, a Knave, and a Fool.

Subt. But, my Chapman, Father *Caution*, is of a quite contrary Temper, he is reſolv'd to be rich himſelf, tho the Cauſe ſtarve to death: He is very miſtruſtful of a Change, and

and will not be ſo much a Fool as to expect the total Converſion of this Nation, tho *Bigot* does earneſtly perſwade him to it; nor does he care whether it be ſo or no any more than as it does promote his own private Intereſt. He makes juſt ſo much ſhew of Religion as may ſerve to make him capable of now and then ſelling an uncertain Favour at Court to a Friend for certain Mony: But whatever is beyond that, he looks on as ſuperfluous. In fine, he is a covetous inſatiable Raſcal, endued with a large ſtock of Cunning and Hypocriſy, that is grown rich by bubbling Candidates for new Offices, and wants nothing but a leap beyond Sea to make him compleatly happy.

Turn. A very fine Character!

Subt. Beſides, I'le tell thee another Secret. He is a libidinous Beaſt, and that Servant, *Jonathan Simple*, that attends upon him in Mans Cloaths, is known to be a Woman.

Turn. Since thou knoweſt him ſo well, what a Devil made you deal with him!

Subt. I know that he miſtruſts that his Reign is not long here, and therefore may ſell good Penny-worths, and ſince I have Mony by me I am willing to improve it to the beſt, till the old Man dies, who is a Father indulgent enough in every thing but his living thus long.

Turn. This damn'd Hypocriſy is the greateſt of all Slaveries, I would never endure it but for the ſake of the beautiful *Lencaſia*, thy incomparable Kinſwoman.

Subt. *Lencaſia* is indeed a Lady of undoubted Wit and Vertue——One that ties not up her ſelf to the uſual Formalities of her Sex, but takes a freedom to her ſelf in all vertuous Pleaſures. But what a Devil makes thee reſort to the Fathers to gain her, when thou knoweſt how mortally ſhe does hate 'em, and imploys the beſt of her Wit againſt them.

Turn. Why, Faith, I'le tell thee the only reaſon I found in my Addreſſes that ſhe had no Averſion to my Perſon, but that ſhe thought my Fortunes below her, as indeed they are, and therefore to raiſe them, I have taken this courſe, in which I am reſolv'd to continue till I ſee the Iſſue.

Enter *Bigot* and *Cautious* talking.

But here they both come, it is their uſual hour, I don't care to ſee them, now they will expect I ſhould be in another place.

Exeunt ambo.

Bigot and *Cautious* advance upon the Stage.

Big. Nay, but, Brother *Cautious*, that Excuſe muſt not ſerve your turn: I would fain know what makes thoſe Heretick Clergymen in black Gowns ſo croud about your Lodging: Don't you know how that Tribe make it their buſineſs to maul us in their Pulpits, to ſqueeze us as it were to death in Printing-Preſſes, to diſappoint us in Elections, and a thouſand Tricks of the like nature—— And yet I perceive ſix or ſeven of them do wait on you every Morning. I vow I muſt complain of you to our Superiors as of a ſuſpicious Perſon.

Cau. Good Brother *Bigot*, be not ſo furious; thoſe black Coats come for Preferment.

Big. Aye, and ſo we ſhall have all Vacancies fill'd up with Hereticks before the Penal Laws be taken away, to make room for Catholicks. I vow, Brother, you injure our Cauſe.

Cau. I vow, Brother, you injure your Brain by this intemperate and unneceſſary Zeal. Cannot I get the Rogues turn'd out again for Simony when the time ſerves, and my ſelf be a Witneſs againſt them? Beſides, do you rightly conſider the Worth and Dignity of their Mony——I ſay again, Do you rightly conſider the Worth and Dignity of Mony?

Big. I muſt confeſs, Mony is very proper to carry on the Cauſe, and I am forced to expend a great deal on thoſe that will not undertake without it; for the truth is, I find very few, excepting the zealous Mr. *Turnabout*, of our new Converts that are willing to act without Mony; upon whom I have expended great Sums, and I hope you put your Mony to that ſame pious uſe.

Cau. Can you doubt that?——
But in truth he may doubt it long enough before I ſpend my Mony upon ſuch improbable Projects. [*Aſide.*

Big. I can't doubt it in a true Catholick Prieſt, Why: we have more hopes now of ſubduing the Hereticks than ever——

Cau. What, becauſe of our good Fortune in the late Trial?

Big. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, that's a meer Fleabite, a Trick of Law. Would to God there were no ſuch thing as Law in the Nation. I was always an Enemy to all Proceedings by Law, they are always deſtructive to us; but we will have Commiſſions without Law, and againſt Law, and above Law, that ſhall maul the Rogues in ſpite of all their Law-tricks: But we have now ſuch a number of new Converts in all Parts, and ſuch brave Men!

Cau. I know not, Brother, how many, or how brave they be, but I'm ſure my Trade is ſenſibly decay'd of late, I have not now one half of the Cuſtom I lately had, and thoſe that do come, give not half the Money they lately did: For my part I cannot ſtay here to ſtarve among Hereticks.

Big. Phy, Brother *Cautious*, phy, do not turn thy back upon thoſe Glories that are juſt now breaking from behind a Cloud, to dazle the Eyes and amaze the Underſtanding of the Britiſh World. *Mack-Donnel* the fam'd Iriſh Prieſt, is now arriv'd at Court with joyful Tydings, with the converſion of a numberleſs number of our beloved Country-men, who ſpontaneouſly relinquiſhing their long imbib'd Errors, have thrown themſelves into the chaſt embraces of our Mother-Church.

Cau. This Fellow would needs gull me with his fair words, but ſtill I ſuſpect the ſtrength of our Cauſe. [*Aſide.*
Do you know that *Mack-Donnal?* Pray, what ſort of Man is he?

Big. He is an Iriſh Prieſt of much Zeal, tho' not much Learning, yet he is much improv'd ſince he went to St. *Omers*. He can now read a great part of the Maſs, by help of a Feſcue, and a little conning beforehand. He has been at all the great Towns in *England*, and is now returned with a Liſt of the new Converts. He is at my Lodgings——

Cau. Seeing is believing, I never renounce the teſtimony of my Senſes but in one thing: Pray, Brother, let your Servant ſtep & fetch him.

Big. to Servant.
Go and tell Father *Mack-Donnel*, that we deſire his Company, and a view of the Liſt.

Serv. I ſhall, [*Exit* Servant.

Big. to *Cau.*
But now I think on't, Brother, one of my Sons that was diſinherited by his Father for turning Romaniſt, has borrowed all my Money; pray accommodate me with a little Gold, or the Cauſe may ſuffer if I want it.

Cau. Now the Fool has been gull'd of his own Money, he would fain borrow mine; But I ſhall fail him. [*Aſide.*
Sure, Brother, you intend to affront me.

Big. Why ſo?

Cau. Why, do you think that I keep Money by me now the Cauſe is in this Diſtreſs? Phy, phy, I ſend all away beyond-Sea, I do in earneſt, [*Aſide*] and am as poor as a Church Mouſe.

Big. Doſt thou ſo Man? } *Embracing*
O how could I hug thee for it } *him very ea-*
thou beſt of Men! thou art } *gerly.*
the very Joy of my Heart, and I love thee better than if thou hadſt given me a Million of Millions.

Re-enter *Servant* with *Mack-Donnel*, flouriſhing his Paper.

Mack. Here iſh the Pauper by Shaint *Pautrick*, here it iſh; Iſh had made go one thouſhand Miles for thiſh Pauper, aund ſo fauſht by Shaint *Pautrick*, that Iſh haud come ſhooner if Iſh had not made ſtay by the way——

Big. Pray, Brother *Mack-Donnel*, give my Friend an Account of our prodigious Succeſs in the Country.

Mack. reads,
Well then——Firſht of aul in the Shitty of *London*.

Big. Sir, I ſay in Country.

Mack. Why, Iſh not aul the Country in *London?* Yeſh by Shaint *Pautrick*, aund aul *Ireland*, aund aul *Scotland*, Iſh do hope to ſhee aul *Faunſh*, aund aul *Italy*, aund aul *Spaine* there too——and then by Shaint *Pautrick*,

London

London will be the fineſht Country in the whole World.

Can. But to paſs by theſe Digreſſions, pray give us an account of the Progreſs you have made in new Converts without Addition.

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* Firſht then, in the Shitty of *Norwitch*, there be four ſerry proper Shentlemen dad do live in the great Houſe upon the Hill——

Can. Their Names.

Mack. *Tom Cutter*, *Richard Kill-all*, *Robert Divewell*, *William Hector*.

Can. O I have read of them in ſome printed Papers, they are four notorious Raſcals, that have kept conſtant Poſſeſſion of the Jayl there ſeven Years, as if it had been their own by right of Inheritance: They were all hang'd laſt Aſſizes for Murther and other Felonies.

Mack. Yeſh, by St. *Pautrick*, the Heretick Dogs did make hang upon their ſhweet Bodyſh, Iſh had no time a Reprive for them; but by my Shoule Man, they did die as good Catholicks as thou and Iſh art.

Can. That may be——
But, Pray Brother, what Progreſs do they make in the Univerſities? Thoſe are the Fountains that ought firſt to be ſweetned.

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* O! in the firſht plauſh, in the Univerſity of *Cambridg* there iſh one of hiſh Majeſties moſht graſhous Offiſhers, by my Shoul and St. *Pautrick*, that do diſpaſh mauny of de Hereticks in the Year.

Big. His Name?

Mack. *William Cuttrope*—He doſh ſherve his Majeſties graſhes Sheriffe——

Can. O, I know him, he is the Common Hangman, I remember I uſed to tremble at the ſight of him when I was laſt in Jail upon Suſpicion.

Big. Brother, I vow you make my Zeal riſe againſt you, to treat a new Convert ſo rudely, as to call him plain common Hangman——This ſhews——

Can. It ſhews that you have neither Knowledg or Diſcretion to reprehend me: What more honourable Name could I give him than that of an Hangman? and by how much the more common, ſo much the better. We may talk of Books and Conferences, and I know not what, but when all's done, there are thouſands in this Nation that can be converted by nothing but Gibbets and Halters. They are at leaſt our Journy-men, we cut out the Work which they finiſh.

Big. Brother, I beg your Pardon, all this is true, but you know immoderate Zeal may ſometimes thruſt a Man upon Indecencies.

Can. Will you ſay there is the Hangman in the firſt place? and pray who is there in the ſecond?

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* Why, in the ſecond, in the ſecond, by St. *Pautrick*, my dear Joy, in the ſecond plauſh there iſh no body at aul.

Big. Well, one ſuch is as good as many—But how many in the other places?

Mack. Then in a little Town hard by there be one thouſhand.

Can. What Catholicks or Whores?

Mack. Both together, my dear Joy, the Catholicks be the Whores, and the Whores be Catholicks, aund both together do make one thouſhand——or one dozen, by St. *Pautrick*, I know not well whether (*pores on the Paper*)

Big. Well, is that all?

Mack. No Iſh have one more——A Genleman that do wear the long Robe at *Reading*, his Name is *Henry Shimpleton*.

Can. I know him, he is a Fool, a Natural, kept by the Pariſh.

Mack. 'Tis true——I my ſelf did convert him by giving two Nickers and a Marble.

Big. Pray, Brother, ſpeak not ſo contemptibly of Fools: I will aſſure you the Catholick Cauſe is very much beholden to Fools. It was invented by Fools, maintain'd by Fools, and carried on in great part by Fools, unto this very day. Was not St. *Francis* a Fool? St. *Ignatius* a Fool? and a thouſand other Fools I could mention: Therefore, pray, Brother, ſpeak not ſo contemptibly of Fools.

Can. Why? I ſaid ſo for that very reaſon.

Mack. Well, by St. *Pautrick*, Iſh vil go and carry my Pauper to the great Man in plaiſh at Court, and beg Plaiſh for it. St. *Pautrick* bleſs you. Farewell.

Going out, but returns haſtily.

O,

O, but ſtay, I had forgot to make Petiſhon for one thing, that Father would make pray to the King's Majeſties Grauſh for ſhome Plauſhes for the four Catholick Shentlemen that did live in the great Houſh at *Norwiſh*.

Can. Why, did not you ſay they were hang'd?

Mack. O, by my Shoul, and St. *Pautrick*, I had quite forgot dad, it iſh true, they be made haung already, and can have no Plauſh at Court. Adieu. *Exit.*

Can. Harkye, Brother, does not our Friend *Mackdonnel* talk a little like a Fool?

Big. O fy, no, 'tis meer Zeal and Tranſport——you know not the true force of Zeal, it will make a Fool, a Knave, or any thing.

Can. That may be——But if it make me ſuch a Fool as to part with my Mony, I'le be hang'd for it. [*Aſide.*

Big. Well, I am haſtning to the great Spaniſh Prieſt, Father *Politico*, about ſome publick Buſineſs. He is the rareſt Contriver in the World, he has ten thouſand Plots in his Head, the leaſt of which are ſufficient to overturn a better ſettled Government than this. He has refin'd the Politicks of all the Courts in Chriſtendom for the uſe of the *Engliſh* Nation: And tho he be a Foreigner by Birth, he is ſo converſant in the Manners of the *Engliſh*, you would ſwear he had been born here.

Can. I grant Father *Politico* is a Man of a curious Frame and fine Contrivance; that he has ſeen moſt Foreign Courts, and holds Correſpondence with 'em; but to ſpeak plain, there are ſome things I do not like in him. He ſeems to be too great an Admirer of himſelf, which makes his Converſation nauſeous to others by the continual Commendation of himſelf, and is prejudicial to his Plots, by robbing him of the Advice and the Corrections of his Friends. Beſides, he is too bold in making uſe of Foreign Policies in their Courts, which for the moſt part, like Trees tranſplanted from far diſtant Soiles, tho the Fruits there were pleaſant, yet here they are harſh and crabbed.

Big. I muſt confeſs his noble Friend, my Lord *Britain*, often tells him ſo, but I cannot perceive 'tis true——I know indeed ſome do cenſure him as too amorous for the Gravity of a Church-man; and I cannot deny but he is too laſcivious, and that if he had not ſuch a diſcreet a Procureſs as Mrs. *Counterfeit*, he might incur Scandal by his daily Converſation with Women. But ſtill I muſt adore him as a great Prop of the Catholick Cauſe, and muſt make all the haſte I can to ſee him immediately. *Exit Bigot.*

Can. And I muſt find out young *Subtleman* for ſome Private Buſineſs of my own, which is more to the purpoſe than the Publick.

Exeunt different ways.

SCENE II.

Turnabout purſued by Mrs. *Counterfeit*, and two or three Whores.

Firſt Whore. Come, Mr. *Turnabout*, don't you think we will be bilk'd ſo; it is Mony we want, and Mony we will have, or we'll detect your Debaucheries.

Mrs. *Coun.* Come, Mr. *Turnabout*, I'm acquainted with the very beſt of the Fathers, they come very often to my Houſe, no Diſparagement to 'em, and I ſhall ſoon make them acquainted what an Hypocrite you are.

Turn. Peace, you bauling Bitch you, Peace. { *Endeavours to ſtop their Mouths. They ſtruggle with him.*

Count. Nay, marry come up, Peace me no Peace: if I had been an Heretick you could not have uſed me worſe than you do. I have want of mony, and if you don't give it me, I ſhall publiſh to the World all your Pranks; I faith I ſhall ſpoil your new Saintſhip.

Turn. Do, you damn'd Whores, do your worſt, the Fathers will not believe any ill of me.

Firſt Whore. No ill of thee! Firſt we will tell 'em of thy Baſtard Child at *Hogsden*.

Turn. Ay, do, 'tis a brave witty Boy, they'l make him Captain of the *Savoy* School.

Second Whore. Then we will tell 'em the Story of the naked Woman in the *Strand*.

Turn. It was a delicate ſight, the Fathers will wiſh they had been there themſelves.

Third Whore. Then of the Purſe you nym'd at *Hackney*.

Turn.

Turn. That was to purchaſe Mony for Abſolution, the Fathers will thank me for it.

Firſt Whore. Then we will tell 'em of three Whores you pick'd up th'other Night at the Chappel, and lay with them all Night at the Feathers.

Turn. Ay, do, you damn'd Whores, you had beſt tell that I lay with you there too, you had ſo, you Jades.

Second Whore. Marry come up indeed, lie with us there, 'tis the very beſt thing that every thou didſt in thy Life, the only ſign that I know of thy Converſion from the Pocky Twelve-penny Jades of the Town.

Turn. Theſe Whores may ſpoil my Deſigns, but I muſt bare up briskly to them. [*Aſide.* No Mony, you Jades you, I ſay again no Mony.

Count. Why, then in plain terms Mr. *Turnabout*, my Maidens will inſtantly repair to Father *Bigot*, and inform him, that you bragg'd laſt Night in your Cups, that you were no Catholick, but only made the Fathers believe ſo out of Intereſt, that you fool'd them all with an Opinion of your Sanctity; and that when your Turn was ſerv'd for a Treat of a dozen Bottles of Wine, you would turn Heretick again.

Turn. This damn'd Jade has hit the Nail on the head, now I dread her. [*Aſide.* Why, as for that——Hum——Why——Hum——

Whilſt Turn. *is humming*, Bigot *walks croſs the Stage, and ſpying* Turn. *makes up to him. All the Whores clap on their Masks.*

Big. O! here I have found the zealous Mr. *Turnabout* preaching Confeſſion to a Company of Heretical Ladies——O that good Man! I could cry for Joy——but I muſt ſpeak to him.

Goes to Turn. *and claps him on the Shoulder, who, ſeeing him, ſtarts, and ſpeaks haſtily to the Whores.*

Turn. Go, you damn'd Jades, there's Mony for you, be gone in ſilence.

Mrs. *Count.* Well, ſo much ſhall ſerve for this time. *Exeunt.*

Manent *Turnabout*, & *Bigot.*

Big. Pray, Son, What waſt thou doing with thoſe Ladies? What, preaching Converſion to them?

Turn. That is a Task fit for none but your Reverence, whoſe Eloquence might move the very Stones as well as Men——I was only a diſtributing a little Charity to ſome Catholick Gentlewomen of known Zeal and Vertue——Now muſt I return to the trade of whining Hypocriſy. [*Aſide.*

Big. I thought indeed I knew the glimpſe of one of their Faces——well, thou art always doing good, and I have good News to tell thee——

Turn. What? Does the Holy Cauſe go on proſperouſly? Are the Hereticks confounded?

Big. If not yet, they will be ſhortly——But as I was ſaying, an Expreſs is arrived at Court, that a Place of great Truſt and Value is fallen vacant in the Weſt, and a certain great Stateſman, having often heard me ſpeaking of your great Zeal and Integrity, was pleaſed to propound you as a Perſon moſt fitted for, and deſerving of it.

Turn. This is moſt raviſhing News indeed. How much was *Subtleman* miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Big. But I ſeeing the impending Danger, immediately ſtep'd in: My Lord, ſaid I, (with ſubmiſſion to your Lordſhip's better Underſtanding) that you do not rightly apprehend what a kind of Man Mr. *Turnabout* is: Alas! ſaid I, he is none of thoſe ſelfiſh Worldlings that expect Places and Preferments for Reward, and under pretence of furthering the Catholick Intereſt, ſeek the Promotion of their own Ends——No, No;——your Lordſhip may find enough of ſuch baſe Creatures to allure with Places. But, ſaid I, as for Mr. *Turnabout*, his Thoughts are fix'd upon things of a ſublimer Nature: It would be the utmoſt degree of Savage Barbarity, to rob him of thoſe precious Minutes which he employs in far more noble Exerciſes. Alas! ſaid I, my Lord, Mr. *Turnabout* aims at no Honour, but that of being a Saint in the Roman Kalendar. He knows no Arithmetick, but that of telling his Beads: He ſtudies no Complements, but thoſe that are given to departed Saints in the Miſſal: He cares for no Employment, but that of advancing the Catholick Cauſe *gratis*——Now, my Lord, ſaid I, What an inhuman thing would it be to

thruſt

thruſt a Man of his Seraphick Temper, into ſo great a ſecular Encumbrance, where he muſt be loaded with fulſome Titles of Honour, where, inſtead of telling over his Beads, he muſt be counting great Sums of Money, and receive Viſits from every Earl and Baron. And which is yet worſt of all, where the Glory of his generosity of ſerving the Cauſe *gratis*, will be eclips'd, by receiving a viſible Reward. This is ſuch a Cruelty, as ought not to be uſed towards ſo good and religious a Man——

Turn. A Pox take this long-winded Paraphraſtical Blockhead, he has made Speech enough to ruin all my hopes. But I muſt forbear my railing. [*Aſide.*
And what then, Sir?

Big. Then, ſaid I, my Lord, there is one Mr. *Subtleman* that is wavering between two Opinions; we had beſt procure it him, it may perhaps fix him on the right Side——And accordingly it was done this Morning.

Turn. What curſed Luck's this, I have over-acted the part of an Hypocrite, and am now ſenſible of my Error. But I muſt perſiſt till I can gain my End. [*Aſide.*
I muſt confeſs my Devotion is chiefly my—— yet I could wiſh I had an opportunity to ſerve the Publick in an higher Station.

Big. Yes, I know that, therefore, ſaid I, my Lord, there are ſome Gentlemen that have undertaken to ſerve the Publick *Gratis*, in an Honourable Employ, though with great Expence and Charges: Mr. *Turnabout*, ſaid I, is the fitteſt Man in the World to make one of thoſe. It is but expending a brace of thouſand Pounds and you will gain immortal Honour.

Turn. A Pox take this damn'd Rogue, this is worſe and worſe, I know not what to ſay or do. [*Aſide.*

Big. Well, what do you ſay to this?

Turn. Lord, Sir, I am ſtruck with admiration of your Goodneſs, and could not readily find an Anſwer.

Big. Well then, meet me at Father *Politico*'s Lodgings at Two this Afternoon, and there you ſhall know farther, and hear there the fineſt Plots and Contrivance, and know our Secrets: In the mean time adieu. [*Exit.*

Turn. I muſt tack about, and let the Fathers underſtand, that I am not that puny whining Fellow that they imagine; but how to do it on a ſudden I can't tell, unleſs Fortune does favour——but I muſt try. [*Exit.*

Lady *Leucaſia* and *Betty.*

Leu. And art thou ſure that *Turnabout* has been ſuch a Baby to be ſpirited away by theſe Prieſts, that rake up and down after Fools and Knaves, as if they were the only precious Commodity of the Nation.

Betty. I ſhould think, Madam, if they thought ſo, they would do well to tranſport ſome of them to foreign Countries; but inſtead of that, they daily import great numbers of 'em——But I can aſſure your Ladyſhip, Mr. *Turnabout* has the repute of a very zealous Catholick. The Fathers all adore him, and he can't miſs ſhortly of being a very great Man.

Leu. Then I pity the poor Wretch more than ever a Man that ſells his Soul to the Devil in a fair and legal way, where Writings are drawn and ſeal'd, ſome valuable Conſideration given, and the Forfeiture of the Bond taken, when the Time is fully expir'd, does not act much more irrational than he, that for hopes of Preferment binds himſelf ever to act an indefinite number of pious Villainies, according to the Directions of the Fathers, eſpecially at a time when they have ſo much Work to do.

Betty. But, pray Madam, how comes your Ladyſhip to be ſo much concerned for him now? When he made his Addreſſes to you, you received him with all the Diſdain imaginable.

Leu. I begin to love him, becauſe I hate them, and am loth that they ſhould be the better for my Leavings. Tho there is little fear that any Society ſhould be the better for him.

Betty. You blame him for his Converſion, and the World blames you, for they ſay his only Motive was to gain ſome Preferment, to render himſelf worthy of your Love.

Leu. Therefore I am bound in Honour to make him weary of his Profeſſion till he renounce

nounce it, and be placed where he was at firſt.

Betty. But if you concern your ſelf ſo far, the World will conclude for certain, that you are in love with him.

Leu. The World's an Aſs, or it would never be trampled and tamely rod by a Prieſt. I care not what the World thinks or does; I go preſently to Father *Politico*'s Lodgings, and there give ſuch a Character of Mr. *Turnabout*, as ſhall make them drive him from their Society: And then the poor Wretch will be ſo humble, and look ſo ſimply——

Betty. Pray, Madam, conſider what you do.

Leu. Pray, Huſſy, conſider what you ſay, and never give your Advice but when there is more need. Get my Lodgings here ready in the *Savoy*, and then ſhall you ſee how I will plague theſe Bald-pated Vermine; I'le make them for ever tremble at the very Name of *Leucaſia*.

Betty. I'le do it, but I can perceive no End.

Leu. It is End enough to free a Man that has pretended to love me, from Slavery and Confinement. I am ſure *Turnabout* has that antipathy to all Religion, that the very Shadow of it (as 'tis ſaid of a certain Tree) is enough to kill the Viper. Whether I love or no, I pity him ſo far, as I do him that Service: For

Of all the Men by God and Nature curs'd,
Surely the fawning Hypocrite is worſt.
To his compar'd, the Player's Life is eaſe;
He always Acts---They only when they pleaſe.

[Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Mrs. *Counterfeit*, and Mrs. *Speedwel.*

Speed. NAY but good Mrs. *Counterfeit* tell me, Will not the Fathers ſuſpect that ſuch an old Sinner as I, am but a New Hypocrite.

Count. Hold thy peace, Child, never fear that. If *Bigot*'s Zeal is too blind to ſee a Fault in a New Convert of his own making, do but give him the ſole Honour of your Converſion, and you may reap the ſole Profit to your ſelf.

Speed. Yes, yes, I will ſeem extreamly averſe to Popery, and then he will think the Honour of my Converſion will be the greater.

Count. Thou art an apt Wench, nothing will inflame him more: But be ſure not to yield too ſoon.

Speed. Why, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, what impertinence is this; when did you ever know me yield too ſoon?

Count. Nay prethee, *Speedwel*, be not Cholerick, I think you did yield too ſoon when Mr. *Subtleman* took you napping with two Footmen, and withdrew his Maintenance upon it.

Speed. I grant you indeed that a Woman may yield too ſoon in ſolicitatious Amours, or the like; but when did you know any of them yield in Diſputations, or Religious Diſcourſes? ——Pray ſhew me one Precedent for that.

Count. I muſt confeſs I cannot; but, good Child, be not ſo haſty, If I can but bring thee into favour with *Bigot* and *Politico*, they will make Mr. *Subtleman* reſtore, if not increaſe thy Penſion.

Speed. And I proteſt if it is done by your Means, I will ſerve you half a Year *gratis*.

Count. Then pull down thy Hood, and look as much dejected as if thou wert inclin'd to a melancholy Madneſs; they love to deal with mad People.

Speed. I warrant you. [*Walks in a melancholy poſture.*

Enter *Bigot.*

Count. Here he comes, be very ſad and demure——Mr. *Bigot*, you'r welcome.

Big. Mrs. *Counterfeit*, your Servant. Pray what is the Buſineſs?

Count. Reverend Sir, this is the Gentlewoman ſo much diſturbed in Mind; I hope you will adminiſter ſome Comfort to her.

Big. Let me alone for that——Madam, [To *Speedwel*] Pray let me know the Reaſon of your diſturbed Affections? and what is it makes you look ſo ſad, like the Image of Death?

Speed. Bleſs me! do I look like an Image? all Images are Popiſh ſure: I don't look as if I were popiſhly affected——

Big. I am ſorry to hear you are ſo averſe to your greateſt good, it makes my Eyes [*weeps*] over flow with Water in compaſſion of you.

Speed. O'reflow with Water—Sure, Sir, you don't mean Holy-Water, if you do, I ſhall immediately fall into a ſwoon——I have a greater averſion to it than the Devil himſelf has——fogh——*Spits.*

Big. And why ſo? What provocation have you received that ſhould make you thus bitter againſt your Mother-Church?

Speed. Heavens bleſs me! what mean you to talk to me of a Mother-Church? I know no Mother-Church, my Father was an Anabaptiſt, and my Mother never went to Church in her life——Then how ſhould I have a Mother-Church?

Big. Your Diſcourſe, Lady, is illogically incoherent. If I am thus interrupted, how is it poſſible to make any farther Proceſſion?

Speed. Pray, Sir, forbear to make any further Popiſh Proceſſion, they are wicked abominable pieces of Superſtition: I hate a Proceſſion——

Big. I wiſh I knew, Lady, how to make my Application to you, to throw of this burthen of diſtraction from your Mind——

Speed. Alas, Sir, I feel no burthen: I am all Light, there's Light within me, and Light without me; I feel no burthen but in the Fleſh——

Big. God forbid, [To Mrs. *Count.*] ſure the Lady is not with Child.

Count. No fear of that, ſhe is the chaſteſt Virgin in the World; it is only her Phanatical way of talking. Pray, Lady, if you have any Doubts, expound them; if you have met with Croſſes——

Speed. O miſerable! what more Popery? Why ſhould you think that I have met with Croſſes? I abhor them, they are Popiſh, and I made my Coachman drive a Mile about, rather than go by *Charing-Croſs*, only for its Popiſh Name.

Big. Bleſs me! what blind rage is this? the very Beaſts are leſs ſavage, whom Nature has arm'd with Claws and Horns.

Speed. Aye, I grant you indeed, that the Beaſt in the *Revelation* has Claws, and Horns, and Heads, and Tails, and is a very Monſter I dreamt of th'other Night; and it put me into ſuch a fright——that I ſhall never forget it——Bleſs me, one of the Faces look'd as like yours as e're it could ſtare, only Horns grew out of the Forehead; and I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are not married.

Big. Men of my Order are not ſo fleſhly given as to marry——But, pray Lady, be more ſedate, and collect the ſcattered Relicts of your Reaſon.

Speed. Aye, there you grieve me again: I ſay, all Relicts are Popiſh, and I had rather gather Sinders than collect Relicts. I can bear no longer, I muſt leave you. [*Going out.*

Big. Nay, Madam, you muſt not go away in this Diſcontent. Do but give me leave to ſpeak, and I will be your Beadſman if——

Speed. O Heavens defend me! how my Ears are aſſaulted with a continual noiſe of Popery. You be my Beadſman; Heaven knows I hate Beads! they are all Popiſh: In fine, they are my averſion, I muſt be gone. [*Going again.*

Big. Nay, good Lady——

Speed. I cannot ſtay——Oh, oh-Farewel. [*Ex.*

Big. Bleſs me, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, have you no more wit than to ſend for me to ſuch a furious Beldame as this? She has in her the very quinteſcenſe of all Phanaticiſm.

Count. Is this all the thanks I have for conſulting your Honour? To convert one that is well inclin'd, is like killing a dead Man; 'tis

'tis ſoon done, but there's no Reputation.—

Big. There I confeſs you are in the right—But I ſee not———

Count. Why? firſt you ſee ſhe's a little mad—

Big. Aye, that's well.

Count. Then ſhe is fooliſh——

Big. That gives me more hopes than the other. But how ſhall I meet with ſuch another Opportunity?

Count. I will keep her in a dark Room till ſhe recovers part of her Senſes: Believe me, Mr. *Bigot*, if ever you would work upon a Woman, take her into a dark Room till ſhe recovers her Senſes! then you may draw forth your Uſe of Comfort and make cloſe Application; and partly by inſinuating Language, and partly by force of Reaſon, you may compel her to fall down vanquiſh'd before you——

Big. Be pleaſed, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, to accept a few Guineas as an acknowledgment of———(*offers Gold*)

Count. I proteſt I will not receive them; or if I do I will lay them out again for the Encouragement of new Converts———

Big. Nay, then you ſhall take a few more, (*offers more*) I profeſs you ſhall take 'em, it is all I have; for if I had the *Indies* in my Pocket, I could freely give them to the——(*thruſts 'em into her Pocket.*)

Count. I proteſt you are too bountiful: But I will add ſix Grains more to them for the ſame uſe.

Big. Nay then, I will give thee a Bill for 20 *l.* more, nay, I proteſt I will——And thou ſhalt receive 'em preſently——

(*gives a Bill, pulling out many.*

Count. I vow you preſs too much upon my good Nature, and make me comply meerly out of Complaiſance. But will you venture on her again?

Big. Aye, immediately, before her Affections cool.

Count. I'le go and prepare your way. *Exit.*

Enter *Turnabout* to *Bigot*, as he's going out.

Big. Mr. *Turnabout*, O you've nick'd the time! you ſhall go in and hear me convert this Phanatick———diſcontented Lady.

Turn. Sir, I thank you, but I do not love the ſight of a Woman——They are dangerous things.

Big. Then thou ſhalt go with me to her in the dark Room———

Turn. The Temptation will be the greater——Imagination does provoke more than the real Object——you ſay ſhe's handſome——

Big. To Admiration——but the moſt averſe to our way in the World. She would not hearken to me.

Turn. Then you had beſt ſend a Lay-man to make the firſt Impreſſion, and you may ſtrike in to finiſh the Conqueſt——

Big. The truth is ſhe is prejudic'd to one of my Order, I think I had beſt ſend you——

Turn. O fy, by no means, I am Maſter of no Eloquence.

Big. Aye, but thou art Maſter of Honeſty and Integrity, and that's better——

Turn. What a plaguy Rogue is this to ſcandalize me at this rate—— [*Aſide.*

Big. Well, Son, What doſt thou ſay to it? Wilt thou go and try thy Skill upon her?

Turn. Alas! Sir, all Skill is gotten by Experience, I have no experience in Women——

Big. Thou art the beſt of Men, and if poſſible better than my ſelf——But be not thus baſhful, thou ſhalt diſcourſe with her in the dark, and there is no fear of bluſhing——

Turn. I had rather go into the Cave of a Lioneſs.

Big. Poor modeſt Gentleman; that thou ſhouldſt thus be afraid of Women! We Prieſts go boldly to their Chambers, to their Cloſets, to their Beds, to all their Secrets, and matter nothing of it.

Turn. So, I have heard you do almoſt perſwade me to Vertue.

Big. By all means go——ſhe will ſooner hearken to you———

Turn. I hope ſhe will——I will give her good Counſel.

Big. Go then, and I'le return immediately——Succeſs attend you—— *Exit.*

Turn. Now will I be damn'd if this be not ſome She of the Town that pretends to Phanaticiſm juſt as I do to Vertue and Honeſty——I love *Leucaſia*, but the proſpect of

enjoying her is at ſo great diſtance, that I muſt bait upon this by the way. I will firſt bring her into the Light, and if ſhe be handſom I ſhall wiſh my ſelf condemn'd to Darkneſs again. *Exit.*

Re-enter with Speedwel.

Turn. Nay, good Lady, you muſt not be angry if I do not ſuffer you to remain in Darkneſs———

Speed. I have Light within me———

Turn. Aye, gad, that thou haſt, pretty Innocence, and Light without thee too——

Speed. Thou art a prophane young Man, and doſt mean ſomething that's ill———

Turn. No, faith, I mean nothing but thy two pretty Eyes, thoſe Fountains of Light, 'tis true they vomit Fire too much, and enflame a Man's Heart, that's their fault———

Speed. Thou art very leud and obſcene, I fear thou art fleſhly given.

Turn. How ſhe puts me in mind of it. [*Aſide.*
You gueſs right, and ſince you are all Spirit, and I am all Fleſh, we had beſt make a Match, it will be like the Union of the Body and Soul, full of Life and Vigor.

Speed. A pretty Fellow this, my Mouth waters at him, but I muſt diſſemble. [*Aſide.*
And doſt thou think that I will be yok'd with one of the Ungodly. How indecent a thing would it be to ſee a Saint and a Sinner in the ſame Bed.

Turn. I grant you, Madam, it is an undecent thing to be ſeen together, and therefore we will go into the dark Room where no body can ſee us. I hate Matrimony, it makes a Man to be gaz'd at.

Speed. I muſt confeſs, I know no place that forbids going into a dark Room; and therefore if that were all I can eaſily conſent to it.

Enter Bigot *ſtanding behind liſtening.*

Big. Well, I will hear now how my new Convert behaves himſelf in his Poſt——

Turn. Why, ſure Lady, you don't ſuſpect my Honeſty, upon Reputation I will be very civil; I hope, Lady, will you give me the favour of a Salute. (*kiſſes her.*)

Big. Good, very good, he has almoſt won her Heart already.

Speed. I don't read that kiſſing is forbidden; but I fear you have ſome farther Intention.

Turn. If you dare venture your ſelf with me, I ſhall convince you of your Error———

Big. to himſelf.
That's too much, he ought to leave the finiſhing Work to me——

Speed. I have a Light within me, that ſhews me clear thou haſt a mind to debauch me——and doſt thou think I will defile the Bed of my late deceaſed Husband? ——

Big. What's that? [*Aſide.*

Turn. There's no Bed there, nothing but a Couch and few Chairs, that have made guilty ſo often, that 'tis beyond our Power to make 'em worſe.

Big. to himſelf.
I proteſt my Son *Turnabout* is wanton.

Speed. I grant you there is no Command againſt defiling Couches and Chairs——I am almoſt perſwaded to venture——

Turn. There is no venture in it; I will certainly give you Content.

Speed. Alas! how can you content me? I have had to do with Men of as great Parts and Abilities (tho I ſay it my ſelf) as any are in *Europe*, and none could ever content me yet.

Turn. Pſhaw, Madam, they were Bunglers or Coxcombs, that think to content Women by perplexing their Minds; my Method is always to begin with the Body firſt———
(*Embracing her*)

Speed. Out upon thee Villain! thou doſt begin to be uncivil.

Turn. Faith, Lady, I am very uncivil, to talk ſo much and perform ſo little: Come, let us throw by theſe Scruples, and retire into a more convenient place; Vertue, you know, fears nothing.

Speed. Do thy worſt, I fear not thee nor thine. *Exeunt.*

Big. Aſide,
I ſet him to convert her, and he's gone to debauch her, I'le rout 'em.

Enter

Enter Speedwel *in Confuſion*, Turnabout *puſhing her.*

Turn. For Heaven's ſake make haſte down Stairs before *Bigot* ſees you! A Prieſt is like a Dog in a Manger, when he can't feaſt upon a new Convert himſelf he will ſuffer none elſe. (*ſhe runs away in haſte.*)

Enter Bigot *in a Fury.*

Big. Mr. *Turnabout*, I wonder you are not aſham'd to be taken in ſuch obſcene undecent Poſture with a Woman!

Turn. Heavens defend my Innocence! Was ever Man ſo miſtaken? If a Woman fall into a Swoon, may I not take her up? if her Breaſts beat high with Paſſion, may not I innocently lay my hands upon them to keep 'em down? If ſhe is overwhelm'd with Sorrow, may not I give her two or three reviving Kiſſes, but you muſt preſently ſuſpect me of Obſcenity?

Big. Aye, Sir, but I over-heard your Diſcourſe before that.

Turn. What, I warrant, you are zealous becauſe I endeavour'd to convert her in an allegorical way, making uſe of familiar Figures, that look juſt like Obſcenity. Ah! Ah! that's pretty.

Big. Nay, Son, if that's all I am contented.
But pray, Son, what Succeſs had you?

Turn. Why, I had almoſt perſwaded her, but you interrupted me——

Big. O! thou art the very beſt of Men — But how could you gain ſo eaſy a Conqueſt?

Turn. O, I wrought upon her Affections!

Big. 'Tis a thouſand pitties that I interrupted you——But I'le give you a fitter Opportunity.——

Turn. Aye, pray do, and let it be more private.

Big. As private as you pleaſe——I'le ne're diſturb you.

Turn. Why, then you ſhall ſee how ſoon I'le do her buſineſs.

Big. I don't queſtion it; but be ſure to do it effectually.

Turn. Aye, and perhaps ſhe and I may get two or three.

Big. And ſo you two may increaſe and multiply to ſome purpoſe——

Turn. Nay, I'm reſolv'd to mind the work of Propagation, and if the fault is not in her, I don't doubt but I ſhall anſwer your Expectation.

Big. But, good Mr. *Turnabout*, let me come in for ſome ſhare of the Honour.

Turn. Sir, I ſhall quit all Pretenſions to the Honour of this Enterprize, and leave it wholly to you: All I propoſe to my ſelf is the Pleaſure and Satisfaction of doing good to a diſtreſſed Lady.

Big. Nay, it is certainly a very delightful Work, I wiſh we could both joyn at the ſame time——

Turn. That's impoſſible, ſhe would be hard enough for one at a time, but two together will breed Confuſion.

Big. Then, prethee, prepare the way for me as ſoon as may be.

Turn. With all my Heart.

Exeunt ſeveral ways.

Scene] Politico's *Lodgings, who is diſcover'd walking in his Night-Gown.*

Pol. How few, but pleaſant are the Minutes that I ſnatch from publick buſineſs of the State; 'tis my own, yet ſcarce can call them ſo: But now I am engag'd I muſt proceed. The Land's in ſight I need not fear the Sea. Here——where's this *Manual*——[*knocks.*

Enter Manual.

Man. Your Pleaſure, Sir.

Pol. Bring hither the Intelligence you received by the laſt Poſt.

Man. I ſhall. [*Exit* Manual.

Pol. Theſe Hereticks are odd Tools to build up the Catholick Church withal; and I believe that I am the firſt that ever found out the way to make 'em uſeful in that Building without hewing them to pieces: If the Spies I employ in the Country give me an exact Character of every particular Man, I

ſhall

ſhall find Work ſuitable to their various *Genius's*, and make them all ſerve our Ends, and yet they ſhall never know it; which is Delicacy in Policy, which is purely my own, and ſuch as I preſume none could ever equal.

Enter Manual *with Papers and Pencils.*

Man. Here they are, Sir.

Pol. Read the Characters of ſuch Perſons as may be thought fit to ſerve their Country in the Weſt.

Man. reads.

The firſt is Mr. *Peaceable*; he is rich and ſo great a Diſſenter, that he ſcarce ever ſaw the inſide of a Church in his Life: He is of a calm Temper, provokes none, nor is to be provoked by any; but holds a fair Correſpondence with Men of all Perſwaſions: He is much beloved, and has no ſmall Intereſt in the Country.

Pol. Daſh out his Name: A peaceable Diſſenter can do us no Service. Who's next?

Man. reads.

The next is Mr. *Greedy*, by Trade a Scrivener, a Man of no mean Senſe and Abiliries; one that profeſſes great Love and Affection to the Eſtabliſh'd Church, which he is able to defend with the beſt of Arguments: He is an acute Diſſenter againſt Popery, indifferent and covetous to the higheſt degree of Rapaciouſneſs on one hand, and Sordility on the other.

Pol. What, didſt ſay covetous?

Man. reads again.

To the higheſt, *&c.*

Pol. Then mark him down; that one thing makes Recompence for the reſt of his ill Characters — We ſhall find ſome Bait to draw a covetous Man to our ſide.

Man. reads.

The third is Mr. *Zealous*, of the Congregational Way, a Man of unqueſtion'd Parts and Subtilty: He is reckon'd amongſt the moſt eminently gifted Brethren, and not without cauſe; he is much ador'd for his Zeal and pathetick Exclamations againſt Popery: But thoſe that pretend to know him better, do ſay, that at moſt he is but an Atheiſt, and his whole Religion is Hypocriſy, and his moſt viſible Patrimony is the voluntary Contribution of the Women.

Pol. I like that Hypocriſy well enough, it ſhews that he is able to manage an Intrigue, mark him down, I ſhall ſhape him out a way to ſerve us.

Man. reads.

Then there's Mr. *Whyner*, by Trade a Weaver; but not being able to live on that, he is turn'd Preacher — He is a Fellow of a broad Face, and no Brains, the want of which is ſupply'd by a large ſtock of Impudence, which enables him to rail againſt Popery in *Billingſgate* Language, without two grains of Senſe or Reaſon——He gets a good quantity of Mony in the Year, and preaches in a little Shed at the end of his Houſe.

Pol. Then mark him down, and ſend an hundred Pounds to make his Shed bigger: There are more converted to us by hearing bad Sermons againſt Popery, than by hearing good ones for it. Who's next?

Man. reads on.

Mr. *Slumber*, a Romaniſt by Education; he is accounted a Man of a good Life and Converſation, but not much inclin'd to Vigor and Activity; He is moderately rich, and well beloved by all Parties.

Pol. Daſh out's Name, he can do us no good, unleſs it be in ſome inferior Station, for the Encouragement of others.

Man. reads.

The next is one *Ranter* of thoſe peaceable People called Quakers——He——

Pol. If he be of that Perſwaſion you need give no further Character, for we are ſatisfied in them——the next.

Man. reads.

Mr. *Firebrand*, a Fifth Monarchy Man, one of an implacable Temper, that in the late Times was very much proſecuted. He is eſteemed very rich, but the moſt violent revengful ill-tempered Man in the whole Country.

Pol. A moſt excellent Perſon this, and the firſt in the whole World to ſerve us—— Is there any more of the ſame Character?

Man. looks,

Yes, five or ſix.

Pol. If there were five or ſix thouſand

we

we could find Work for them all: Mark down their Names.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's my Lord *Britain* would know if it be conſiſtent with your Reverence's Affairs to admit a Viſit.

Pol. Deſire his Lordſhip to entertain himſelf a ſmall time in the Drawing-Room, till I have given ſome Inſtructions to ſome young Gentlemen lately come from St. *Omers*, how to behave themſelves in their Miſſion ——

Ser. I ſhall, Sir, (And thus the Lord muſt wait upon the Prieſt) —— [*Exit.*

Pol. Go *Manual*, bring in the St. *Omers* Men——

Man. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Man.

Pol. I know this Lord *Britain* comes only to tell me that I take too violent Meaſures, and nothing but the Event can convince him of his Error— I wonder ſo good a Catholick as he can be ſo ſtupid——

Enter Man. *with four Prieſts bowing to* Pol.

Pol. Gentlemen, I am glad to ſee your Zeal has brought you hither to the Converſion of ſo ſtubborn and head-ſtrong a Nation— But becauſe Zeal without Knowledg may do hurt, I deſire you to take ſome few Inſtructions from me, and to commit them to Memory and Books——For I can aſſure you they are ſuch as are not very common.

All. With Gladneſs, Sir.

Pol. A Table here and Stools: Well Gentlemen, the firſt thing to be conſidered, is the End you were ſent for, and that is to convert ſo many of this Nation, as ſhall be able, with ſome Advantages I will not name on the other ſide, to reduce the reſt by force—— Now, according to the ſtricteſt Political Obſervations, I can make the thirtieth part of the Nation——May do that work with difficulty, a twentieth without any oppoſition, and I think that a Notion in Politicks not unworthy your Obſervation.

Tables and Stools are brought, they all ſit round and draw out their Pocket-Books.

All. 'Tis excellent. [*they write*]

Pol. Now you may expect that I ſhould enquire into your Learning, and the Progreſs you have made therein in Foreign Univerſities; but as for Learning I do not much care whether you have it or not; they that have it may do no hurt, provided they make no uſe of it; but thoſe that have it not are beſt of all.

All. That's well, very well. [*they write*]

Pol. For look you, Gentlemen, Learning can at beſt ſerve but to correct the great Headpieces of this Nation, the inferior ſort are never won by that: Now we want not the Head but the Hands of the Nation for the finiſhing our work——for need we care for Heads provided we have Hands enough to daſh their Brains out.

All. A good Obſervation. [*they write*]

Pol. Beſides, to ſpeak the plain truth, the Hereticks are very much better vers'd in Books than our ſelves; and I think him an Aſs of a Politician, that will challenge an Adverſary at his own Weapons.

All. 'Tis very true, very true. [*they write*]

Pol. When you come to convert an ignarant Perſon, whoſe Miniſter or other Friends are learned, then make uſe of the moſt impertinent of all your Arguments: A number of which you may tranſproſe from our caſhier'd *Laureat*, which preſently he will propound to his Pariſh-Prieſt, and he diſdaining to anſwer them by reaſon of their Impertinence, his Silence will be imputed to Inability, and that Inability will be thought to proceed from the badneſs of his Cauſe, and ſo your new Convert will be more confirm'd than ever.

All. An Excellent contrivance this. [*they write.*

Pol. Avoid as much as may be all Diſputes and Conferences, unleſs it be with one of theſe three Proviſo's. 1. That your Diſputes be with thoſe that are moſt eminent of the contrary Party; for whatſoever the Succeſs is, it will ſtartle the common People to ſee the greateſt of their Leaders thus boldly attack'd. 2. Never enter into Diſpute but when you are ſure that the Perſon

for

for whoſe ſake you appoint the Conference will declare in favour of your ſide: for he that carries away the Prize right or wrong, will always be thought to obtain the Victory. And, 3. Above all things, have a care that you tie not up your ſelves to the ſtrict Rules of Senſe and Reaſon; for that hinders multiplicity of words, and is extreamly prejudicial to our Cauſe—— obſerve theſe three Proviſo's, and then diſpute as often as you pleaſe——

All. We ſhall carefully obſerve 'em.

[*they write.*]

Pol. There are other Directions how to work upon the various Tempers of Men, but thoſe I have reduced to few Heads, and committed to writing in this Paper, of which *Manual* ſhall give you Copies——

[*gives the Paper*]

Diſperſe your ſelves into various Parts of the Country, and may Prudence, Succeſs, and the Bleſſing of Heaven attend you always.

All. We thank your Reverence, and ſhall carefully obſerve your Order.

[*Exeunt* four Prieſts and *Manual.*

Enter Lord Britain.

Ld. Br. Reverend Sir, I could ſtay no longer from your Reverence; I fear you have put the Nation into ſuch a flame, that all the holy Water in the World will not be able to quench it: Your violent Proceedings againſt the Heretical Clergy has created a general Diſcontent—Heaven knows how it may end!

Pol. I wonder your Lordſhip can think that any Proceedings againſt a few obſtinate Black-coats ſhould create any diſturbance amongſt either the Gentry or Commons of this Land! Did your Lordſhip ever perceive that the Gentry were ever better pleas'd with a Play, than when the poor Parſon was jeer'd? or the Clowns ever more rejoyce, than when the Vicar was ruin'd? Alas! my Lord, I contriv'd this violent Perſecution of the Black-coats for the general Satisfaction of the whole Kingdom.

Ld. Brit. I muſt confeſs I hate them as much for their Religion, as the Farmers do for taking their Tithes: But yet I have ſo much of Generoſity, as to think it hard that Men of Learning ſhould be forc'd to beg or ſtarve.

Pol. Good, my Lord, take no care for that, I have abundance of Charity for the Villains, tho they don't deſerve it, and have care of them. Some of them have good Pallates and love their Bellies: We will ſend for *Fr.* Men to inſtruct them in the Art of Cookery, and then they may keep from ſtarving, by licking their Fingers. Some of them have good Voices and are very muſical, they ſhall be licens'd to ſing Ballads, or cry Fagots, which may be a good Trade if burning of Hereticks come again in faſhion. Others have a right habit of cringing, flattering, fawning, bowing, lying for Court-Preferment, and thoſe will be ſure to live, provided you don't cut out their Tongues, or thruſt a Stake into their back-ſides to hinder their Courteſy. Others (as a punning Friend of mine was pleaſed to phraſe it) in all Changes of Government have been good *Trimmers*, and thoſe we will put out to Barbers. And thus your Lordſhip may ſee that I am very charitably given.

Ld. Br. But then the Fathers muſt have a care how they go to their Shops for fear they cut their Throats.

Pol. Phoe——no——they have ſo tam'd themſelves by their Paſſiveneſs, that there is now no danger in them.

Ld. Br. I grant there is a general Inclination in all Hereticks to inſult over their Clergy; but this ſeems to be grounded rather on an uncertain Humour than ſolid Reaſon; and who knows but that their Sufferings may reconcile them to their Love.

Pol. No, 'tis impoſſible—— And herein I think I have out-done the fineſt Policies of all the Courts in *Europe*; for by this I do our own buſineſs, and gratify all ſorts of People in the Nation.

Ld. Br. But will not this make the People jealous of their legal Rights and Priviledges——And if they have been ſo furious in the Vindication of them, when the Danger has been only imaginary, What will they do when the Danger is real?

Pol. Leſs than if the Danger were only imagi-

imaginary; for that which is imaginary is infinite, according to the various rovings of Fancy; that which is real has Bounds, and such Bounds as are soon comprehended by common Sense. Besides, I wonder you will talk of the old antiquated Notions of Legal Rights and Privileges; they are only the Concessions of foolish or weak Kings, which the wise and strong may resume at pleasure—

Ld. Br. I am altogether of another Opinion——Sir, I am an English-man born, and should be loth to see the Constitution ruin'd, which I think to be the best in the World.

Pol. Pshaw, Pshaw, your Lordship has not seen the Policies of Foreign Courts, as I have done, and therefore I the less wonder at you.

Ld. Br. It is enough for me that I know the Excellency of our own, I only call'd in to tell you my Apprehensions, you may use them as you please. Farewel.

[*Exit* Lord Britain.

As Pol. *is going out, enter to him* Servant.

Ser. Sir, here is a Lady mask'd below that would needs speak with you.

Pol. A Lady! 'tis unusual——but conduct her up——there may be something in it extraordinary.

Ser. Immediately.

Pol. I wonder who this Woman should be——sure she is not sent by Mrs. *Counterfeit* without my order.

Enter Leucasia.

Leu. Reverend Sir, you may justly wonder that a Woman————

Pol. Good Lady, no Apologies, they are superfluous, as a Preface or promising Title-Page to a good Poem. Nature has done enough to make whatever you shy to be graceful; you disparage her Workmanship by adding more — [By Heaven a gallant Woman! [*Aside.*

Leu. But you may wonder that a Woman—

Pol. I wonder at a Woman! they may, can, or ought to do all things; had I sufficient Authority, I would decree them a Dispensing Power over all Laws and Customs introduc'd by Tyranny and Arbitrary Power—Wherefore, pray Madam, let me know your business, that you may know my readiness to serve you.

Leu. Notwithstanding your readiness to forgive an Absurdity, I should blush at it, but that I am conscious that my only design of appearing here, is to do you Service——which if I can accomplish————

Pol. You have accomplished it already, Madam, your Presence brings its Reward with it——Pray, Lady, let me learn your business? [A charming Creature by my Priesthood! [*Aside.*

Leu. Then, Sir, I thought my self oblig'd to let you understand, that whereas you have receiv'd lately one Mr. *Turnabout* (as some say) into the very Merits of your Order————

Pol. There is indeed such a Person——We who ingage our selves so much in publick Business, cannot know every particular Man that is converted, but I heard my Brother *Bigot* commend him for a very seraphical Person.

Leu. Why that's my only business to undeceive you. It grieved me to the very Heart to see Men of your Parts and Learning, and that have Policy in your Profession, and pretend to have studied the Arts of all the Courts in *Europe*; you that have undertaken to root out Heresie, subvert Kingdoms, and enflame the World; you that pretend to baffle Usurers of their Mony, English Men out of their Priviledges, and all Mankind out of their Senses; you that have so often out-witted the Devil, and as some say, out-vy'd him too, making him subscribe to Catholick Verities; you that pretend by your Exorcisms to bring an Ejectment against *Beelzebub*, and cast him out of Possession, tho it be nine Points of the Law: I say, to see you impos'd upon by such a Person as *Turnabout*, a Man of desperate Fortunes, and more desperate Principles; one that was so well known, that he could hardly be trusted for a twelve-penny Ordinary, or impose upon the rawest Squire that ever came to Town; tho, the first time after the Death of his Fa-

ther, I ſay again, to ſee you hugging him in your Boſom for a converted Saint, it ſeem'd to me as prepoſterous as to ſee the Bear making Love to the Gentlewoman, with the Bears-face, or the Woman in *Shakſpeare*, kiſſing the Fellow with the Aſſes-head ——This forced me by the Principles of common Humanity to pity you extreamly, and I am now come, like a true Romantick Lady, to free you from the Enchantment of your Error——

Pol. Come, Lady, I perceive you love Mr. *Turnabout*, and that he has unworthily forſaken you, for nothing but Love and Revenge could furniſh you Matter to ſo much Railing, and nothing but ſo much Wit as yours could make ſuch Railing pleaſant.—— Come, Lady, confeſs, I know it is Revenge——

Len. I vow, Sir, the Nation reports you to be wiſer than *Solomon*, but herein you are as much miſtaken, as if you had been the elder Brother of the three wiſe Men of *Gotham*.—— If I had ſtudied Revenge I ſhould have rather wiſhed his continuance in your Service. It would exceed the Revenge of the fam'd *Italians*.

Pol. What is it Lady you would have us do with him? [*'Tis a curious Wench, but her Railery is too ſharp.* *Aſide.*

Len. Why, Sir, for your own good I would propound two ways. 1. Either Excommunicate him publickly by Bell, Book and Candle. Or, 2. Elſe tell him plainly that he muſt expect nothing from you, and then he will of his own accord forſake you, and your Society will be eas'd of that heap of Scandal; for I can aſſure you he is bloody and revengeful; a Man that will do any thing for his Intereſt, and nothing againſt it; and truly I do think it better that he ſhould herd amongſt Hereticks, than remain in the number of your choice new Converts, that are pick'd out of the reſt of the Nation, juſt as rotten Plums are cull'd from thoſe that are ſound in the Basket——

Pol. This would be too ſharp if it were not ſweetned by her Wit and Beauty. [*Aſide.*

Len. Beſides, if you retain him longer, you will incur an inevitable danger of having a greater Proficient in the peculiar Arts of your Office than your ſelves, which is a Diſgrace hitherto unknown to it——

Pol. I am well ſatisfied, Madam, that Mr. *Turnabout* was once yours, and that you are angry with us for receiving ſtolen Goods, and perhaps you ſet a ſmall value upon him for that very reaſon, becauſe you would have him return ſo much the ſooner and cheaper back again——But as for his Crimes and Blemiſhes when an Heretick, they are to be look'd upon as the Genuine Fruits of a falſe Perſwaſion. But I preſume you have nothing to object againſt him, ſince he left you and came to us. [*An excellent Woman this, and of a quick and facetious Invention.* *Aſide.*

Len. Alas, Sir, you are ſo much miſtaken, that I pity you for nurſing ſuch a Viper, that ſtings you moſt ſince you have been kindeſt to him——There is ne're a Night but he gets ſix Bottles into his Belly (and there are few Nights he miſſes 'em) but he draws your Picture, and makes it as publick as that of the ſeven Biſhops: Firſt, ſays he, as to the Prudence of your Choice, That you are like a Company of greazy Stallions, that firſt put the Nation into a Ferment, and then take off all the Scum to be kept for your own proper Uſe and Advantage. As for your Invention, he ſays, you contrive more improbable Plots in the State than ever Poet did on the Stage: And that, like blind Moles, you undermine a ſtately Building that will fall upon your own Heads, and cruſh you to Atoms—— And as for your Honeſty, he ſays, that if he were ſure to be partaker of your evil Demerits, as you tell him he is of your good Deeds, he would have the Rope put about his Neck, the Pſalm ſet, and be fairly turn'd off to prevent further Torments——This and a great deal more he ſays of you in all Companies; for which I am the rather ſorry, becauſe I am very well aſſur'd 'tis true——But having acted the part of a Friend, I had no more to add, but that I am your humble Servant. Farewel.

[*As ſhe's going out he ſtops her.*

Pol.

Pol. But stay, good Lady, after all these Affronts, which I look upon as a little innocent Raillery, I hope you'le let us take a little innocent Pleasure.

[*Offers to kiss her, ſhe ſtruggles him by.*

Leu. Nay, good Sir, hold there—If your Gravity is enclin'd to wax rampant, I will ſend Mrs. *Commerſex* and her twenty ſeven Virgins to cool you. In the mean time adieu.

[*Struggling to get from him, but cannot.*

Enter Turnabout *and* Bigot.

Pol. O, here comes Mr. *Turnabout* and Mr. *Bigot* at the expected time.

Brother *Bigot*, I muſt deſire you to walk into the Cloſet with me, I have ſomething private to communicate——This Lady will entertain Mr. *Turnabout*, ſhe knows him. [*Exit.*

Turn. What, my dear *Leucaſia* here, and alone too, with a Prieſt! ſure it is not ſo.

Leu. Why ſure, Sir, I am not ſo much changed as you are, you may know me, for methinks I know you better than ever.

Turn. Nay, good Madam, tho I have lov'd you to the higeſt extremity of Paſſion, do not twit me in the Teeth with changing, for certainly never any underwent a greater Change than your ſelf. To ſee the vertuous modeſt *Leucaſia* taken alone in a Prieſt's Chamber! I vow methinks 'tis pretty.

Leu. And to ſee the Whoring, Drinking, Roaring, Hectoring Mr. *Turnabout* decked in a Company of bald-pate Friers, mumbling over his Prayers as Witches do their Charms, and playing with his Beads as Boys do with Nuts on a String, I think is at leaſt as odd and pretty a ſight as the other.

Turn. Nay, faith, Madam, never pout, I am glad of it, for whilſt your Honour was unrallied, your Pride was ſo great, that Mr. *Turnabout* was rejected as a wicked profane Perſon, and a Man forſooth of Pleaſure, but now I hope we may treat upon more equal terms.

Leu. Why ſure, you that are ſo fam'd for a new Convert, cannot think the Converſation of a Prieſt to be ſcandalous.

Turn. Phoo——Fox, I know them too well to truſt them with Money, a Secret, or with a Woman: But the truth is, I dare not tell them ſo to their Faces, but from ſuch a Friend as my dear *Leucaſia* I can conceal nothing.

Leu. Tho your Rudeneſs in ſuſpecting my Vertue, and affronting me to my Face, might challenge another kind of Return; yet ſince you are open to me, I will be as open to you, and tell you plainly that I came hither out of meer Love and Compaſſion to you.

Turn. Why I always told you that you would come to that at laſt, whilſt I made my Addreſſes to you in the Country, and you know my Fortunes were a little impair'd, who more ſlighted than Mr. *Turnabout*? But now you ſee me coming to Preferment——ready to ride in my Coach and ſix——and be one of the great Managers of the Nation——Now you are a little tempted with the promiſing proſpect.

Leu. Nay, hold a little, you do not underſtand the Nature of my Love——I as much contemn your old Thred-bare Fortunes as I do your new gaudy Religion. They are both in Extreams that are moſt odious to me; But I was mov'd with Pity and Compaſſion to ſee ſo brisk and aiery a Gentleman bound over to the continual Drudgery of a whining Hypocriſy, and came hither on purpoſe to purchaſe your Pardon.

Turn. Nay, if that be all, I am ſatisfied. But pray, good Madam, what is it you have done?

Leu. Why, I have acquainted Father *Politico* with your true Character, and that you know is bad enough——I have made him ſenſible, that you came to their Party only for your own Ends, and then whenſoever it was, for your own Advantage you would forſake them——I have quite ſpoil'd the Character of your new Sainthip, and expect to ſee thee turn'd out of the Society and thy new-found Friends, and look as dejected as a diſcarded Officer, that has neither Pay or Arms——

Turn. And are you ſure you have done all this effectually?

Leu. As effectually as words can do it.

Turn. Ha! ha! ha! Then thou art the moſt obliging Creature in the World: I fancy there's ſome near relation between thy Genius and mine, thou art ſo ready to do me a Kindneſs when thou thinkeſt leaſt of it: I have been ſtudying theſe two hours to do that for my ſelf which thou haſt done for me, and could invent no way ſo good as this: I was juſt going to leave my Hopes unfiniſhed, and turn Proteſtant, but now I will not take a Million for them. Now the Fathers underſtand all my good Qualities, I ſhall ſhortly ride in my Coach and Six—with a very great Equipage, and then I ſhall not fail in gratitude to make you moſt frequent Viſits, in hopes of a kinder reception.

Leu. If I have done you any kindneſs of this nature, it is againſt my will. When your Coach and Six are ready, I ſhall expect your Viſits; till then adieu.

Turn. Nay, Madam, I muſt wait on you to your Coach.

Leu. You may.

This happens ill; but
Fortune ſometimes the beſt Deſigns may croſs:
But Woman's Wit is never at a loſs. *Exeunt.*

Politico and *Bigot.*

Big. But is it poſſible Mr. *Turnabout* ſhould be ſuch a kind of Man!

Pol. I don't think all the Lady ſaid of him was true, but the greateſt part is likely.

Big. Then will I preſently go to him and tell him how much he is a Rogue and a Raſcal.

Pol. Nay, hold Brother, you run too faſt, and leave behind you all the true Rules of Policy. It is true indeed, the Lady did throw upon him (as I may ſay) a whole Dunghil of Reproaches; but (as the Criticks report of *Virgil* and *Ennius*) out of that Dunghil I have extracted a great deal of real Gold, and ſpie a greater Treaſure than you imagine: She reports him Bloody, Revengeful; always true to his Intereſt, never true to his Promiſes; why theſe are the Men we do moſt want. You know, in proceſs of time, we may ſtand in need of having a great Man removed, by Sword, Poiſon; or an Evidence to deſtroy a turbulent Heretick. And who more proper than Mr. *Turnabout?* who has Wit as well as Reſolution, in which moſt of the common Ruffians are deficient. Beſides, you have diſcovered to him many of our Secrets, and therefore you muſt treat him with all the kindneſs imaginable, and oblige him as ſoon as we can.

Big. I muſt confeſs I have told him of ſome of the violent Courſes we did intend to take—But if I ever tell him any more——

Pol. Your Zeal blinds your Eyes, and makes you to act imprudently——If you have diſcovered ſome Secrets, you may with the ſame, nay greater ſafety, diſcover all——for the more you diſcover, the more you oblige to ſilence——We muſt prefer *Turnabout* as ſoon as poſſible——But, pray Brother, have a care how your Zeal makes you miſtake Men again.

To them *Cautious*, *Turnabout*, *Subtleman* and *Simper*.

Cau. Mr. *Subtleman*, I am glad your Buſineſs is done. This is the Gentleman to whom you are moſt obliged. [*Shows him to* Politico.

Sub. The greatneſs of the Benefit, and the quickneſs of the Diſpatch, do equally amaze me: I fear you have thruſt me into an inevitable neceſſity of being ungrateful.

Pol. The Place you had conferred on you this Morning, has been valu'd at 4000 *l.* you have it *gratis*; but remember this, that much is expected from you.

Sub. Not more than I am ready to perform, when occaſion offers.

Pol. Mr. *Turnabout*, I and my Brother *Bigot* would gladly ſpeak with you a little more in private.

Turn. Moſt gladly, Sir. [*They retire to the corner of the Stage, whilſt* Cautious *and* Simper *come up to* Subtleman.

Cau. You ſee, Mr. *Subtleman*, how freely this Benefit is conferr'd upon you, without Coſt or Charges. I vow, ſome of our Coat are

are ſo covetous, they would expect two or three 1000 Guineas from you: But alas, Covetouſneſs, next to a Proteſtant Succeſſor, is to me the moſt odious thing in the World. One thouſand would be as acceptable to me as an hundred thouſand; for what, alas, is Money?

Subt. I do verily believe it will, for (as you well know) ſome of your Way are ſo extreamly covetous, they are a diſgrace to their Cloth; which you wiſely avoid, by taking nothing for kindneſſes of this Nature. You do extreamly well, I can never ſufficiently commend you for it.

Can. [Now if I have not a great care, I ſhall be baffled out of Mony for the ſake of a little diſſimulation. [*Aſide.*

Sir, you ſpeak well, I hate Covetouſneſs, as you may well ſee by my demanding only 1000 *l.* for that which is worth 4000 *l.* and who would make two words of ſo ſmall a Sum?

Subt. Ounds, a 1000 *l.* a ſmall Sum for a Man that has a Father living, and a dozen coſtly Vices to maintain at his own proper Coſts and Charges!

Can. Then I perceive, *Mr. Subtleman*, that after all you intend to wrong me; and you build upon this falſe Foundation, that your Buſineſs is done, and cannot be revoked. Now, though I don't value the Money, yet I hate Wrong and Injuſtice; and therefore you ſhall find, the ſame Power that ſet you up, can throw you down: and becauſe you are a Man of Expedition, I may be inſtrumental in procuring you the happineſs of ſaluting and taking leave of your Office the ſame day——

Subt. O my honeſt Father *Cautious*, I will deal plainly with you, thou and I are both alike in one Quality: We love to get and ſave all we can. Now whereas you demand 1000 *l.* for Service done for me: I do anſwer, That I am well aſſured, that thou didſt never ſpeak one word for me. My whole Buſineſs was done by my Lord *Wiſeman* and Father *Politico*, who had heard of my Deſerts. And where thou doſt threaten me to make me quit my New Preferment, I do threaten thee, That if thou doſt ſo, I will make thee quit *England*, or thy Life. And now begin as ſoon as you pleaſe——

Can. Me quit *England*, or my Life—— Did'ſt hear that, *Jonathan*?

Jon. Yes, Sir, he threatned you, to make you quit *England*, or your Life.

Subt. 'Tis true, I did ſo.

Can. Then, Sir, that implies ſome Plot againſt the Government, and I will have you hang'd by Information. Firſt, by an *Inuendo*, and my Man ſhall be a Witneſs againſt you.

Subt. Then pray let me know your Man's Name.

Jon. My Name is *Jonathan Simper*.

Subt. Thou lieſt, thy Name is *Betty Whiner*, Thou art no Youth, but a Strumpet, by Choice and Education. Do not I remember that Face of thine at the Lady *Fancyfull's*, in the Country, ever ſince I plaid at Cards there in the laſt great Froſt? [Jon. *ſmacks, and holds down his Head.*] You ſee, Father, I know the whole Intrigue between you and your Man: And I tell you plainly, that if you offer me any Injury, by your ſelf or any other, I will poſt up more Bills of thy Infamy, than ever Quack did of his Cures; and make thee as lothſome to thy own Party, as thou art already to the reſt of Mankind.

Can. Ha! ha! ha! I ſee you are merrily diſpos'd, and would make me believe my Man is a Woman. Come, we won't quarrel about Trifles——Alas, I don't value Money——[But this Leachery is a plaguy Vice, to coſt a Man a 1000 *l.* at one clap, 'tis a moſt wicked Abomination. [*Aſide.*

Subt. Then if you will promiſe not to invade the Territories of my Purſe, I will conclude a ſtrict Peace and Amity. But, firſt, you muſt ſwear that you will not do me any Injury, directly or indirectly.

Can. Since you will have it ſo, I do ſwear, by all that's Sacred, I will never do it.

Subt. And may I truſt you, upon your *Verbum Sacerdotis*?

Can. You may—— My Man *Jonathan* here is Witneſs.

Subt. Man or Woman 'tis ſufficient.

Can. Ay to deceive you. [*Aſide.*

Politico,

Politico, Bigot, *and* Turnabout, *advance upon the Stage.* Politico *speaks aloud. They all join Companies.*

Pol. to *Turn.*

Then you say the Lady's Name is *Lincasia*, and that she lodges next door to Mrs. *Counterfeit*, near the *Savoy*.

Turn. So they told me——[But, what a Devil makes him to enquire.[*Aside.*

Pol. 'Tis well, very well——Not I care to enquire after Women, who have the Grand Affairs of some Nations lying upon my Hands. But because her adventure hither was a little singular, I had a mind to satisfy my Curiosity.

Turn. And Lust too I fear. [*Aside.*

Pol. Go fetch Mrs. *Counterfeit* a Back-way with expedition. [To his Man. *Aside.* Gentlemen, I have one little Contrivance to communicate to you, for which I desire the Assistance of you all, I mean, as to the executive Part, for the Invention is purely and solely my own. Our Friend *Mackdonnel* came to me this Morning, and told me a lamentable Story, How some of the Heretick Divines did baffle our Emissaries at a Publick Coffee-House. Wherefore I considering with my self the Casualties of these Spiritual Wars, wherein the Success does not depend upon the Goodness of the Cause, but the Strength and Management of the Combatants, have found out a certain way to Victory, unless you are deficient to your selves.

Big. That we will not I assure you.

Pol. Look you——thus it must be——One of you must put on the Habit of an Heretical Clergy-man, and repair to some Coffee-House, at such time as 'tis most usually crowded with Company. Then must he insult and brag in so high a Tone, as may draw the Eyes and Ears of all the Company that way. Then another must put on the Habit of a Mechanick, and sit there demurely a good while. Then must the Mechanick enter into Dispute with the Gown and Cassock, the Gown and Cassock must yield, and formally acknowledg his Error.

Big. I will get the part of the Mechanick, and *Mackdonnel* that of the Blockhead in the Gown. He does it naturally.

Pol. No, he must not do so, if he can Act no other. Feign'd Dunces will do as good, Natural Dunces will be sure to do us Evil. It is best not to make *Mackdonnel* acquainted with it. *Bigot* shall put on the Gown and Cassock, Father *Caution* the Carpenter's Rule and Apron, and *Subtleman* shall be there to applaud the Victory.

Cau. Aye, but Mr. *Subtleman* has not yet declared himself to be of our Side.

Subt. I hope none here do question my readiness to serve you.

Pol. to *Subt.*

Sir, I put you in mind again, That much is expected from you——We have heard much of your good Inclinations——but your further Declaration would be reasonable to your self and others.

Subt. How a Devil shall I come off now. If my Invention would but furnish an Excuse now——Oh, I have it. [*Aside.*

Big. Indeed, Mr. *Subtleman*, it is highly reasonable, that you that have been so largely rewarded, should now declare.

Subt. I am ready to do it——But there's one Obstacle, I have it, A Father that is Rich, Old, Peevish, and Decrepit, and he hearing of my good Inclination to your Side, threatens to cut off my Entail, and settle the best part of his Estate upon some Lectures against Popery——Now I would gladly know, whether it may not be lawful for me to remove him, provided I settle a good part upon Religious Uses——

[How wretchedly I have bely'd the Man in this Character. [*Aside.*

Big. A nice Question this.

Subt. What a Rogue is this to make a nice Question of the lawfulness of killing a Father. [*Aside.*

Pol. I will send you two or three Canons in the Afternoon to give you Satisfaction in that——But pray go with all speed about the other business.

All. You need not question our speed or diligence, adieu. [*Exeunt omnes præter Pol.*

Pol.

Pol. Well, I must enquire after Mrs. *Counterfeit*; for *Leucasia* she has Wit and Beauty, and I must enjoy her, if it can be done with Decency. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit *and two Whores.*

Count. Look you Children, I have chosen out you two for the most profitable Encounter. Father *Politico* has sent for me in haste — and I can easily guess his business; but because you have traded another way, I will give you three Directions how to manage a Priest to his Content and Satisfaction. First, You must pretend Religion, that you relieve their natural Necessities out of pure and fervent Charity, and then you must drop your Beads and mutter your Prayers before and after Enjoyment, for about as long a space as a Phanatick is saying Grace before and after Meat, that pleases mightily. Secondly, You must be secret, no boasting of these Amours — Thirdly, You must avoid Comess, they hate Courtship because they can't arrive to it, and had rather pay in Money than in Words — Observe these Directions, and Success attends you.

Two Whores. We warrant you we'll learn any Lesson.

Enter Politico.

Pol. Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you are welcome; but how come these Gentlewomen hither.

Count. I thought your Reverence might stand in need of their innocent Conversation.

Pol. Phy, phy, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you exceed your Order — Pray let them retire — I have business of Secrecy with you.

Count. Then pray Daughters be gone.

Two Whores. Yes — But, 'tis a damn'd hauk this — [*Exeunt.*

Pol. I hear you know *Leucasia*, and you may know if you please that I love her — I have found by deep Political Observations, that she has a great store of Wit, and a great hater of our Religion, and my particular Order — If ever I succeed, it must be in Disguise of some Officer discarded for sticking to the Protestant Interest — I have drawn up a Model of the Plot — Follow me in — And *Manual* shall deliver it to you.

Count. Sir, I'le wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENE I.

The Coffee-House.

Gentlemen at several Tables drinking and smoaking, Bigot *in a Gown and Cassock at one Table,* Cautious *in a Carpenter's Apron and Rule at another.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Turnabout *and place themselves at the same Table.*

First Gentleman. THere was a brisk Rencounter they say this Morning.

Second Gent. Aye, and the Priests, they say, sneak'd away very shamefully, I wish I had been here to have heard it.

Big. Hear it, Sir, that is impossible: Alas! at the best you could but have seen it, for the Fathers have nothing to say for themselves when they meet with a Man that can distinguish a Pike from a Cannon-bullet.

Subt. Was you then ever so much engag'd with them?

Big. O, Sir, extreamly — In the *Indies* I have converted twenty or thirty in a Night, who when they went to Mass the next Morning would —

First

First Gent. Did they go to Mass then after their Conversion?

Big. There I was almost out indeed. [*Aside.*
Aye, they would for once or so, just to take their leave of it, and sometimes one Vagary or other would change their Minds before Morning: but as I was saying, they would look so dejectedly and simply after it the next Morning.

Turn. And do you think, Sir, you could gain as easy a Conquest over them here.

Big. aloud.
O easier behalf——Alas! if any of their Emissaries were here you would see how easily I could manage them; I would so gag their Mouths they should look for ever after like a parcel of *Turkish* Mutes, never dare to converse unless it were by Signs.

First Gent. This must needs be some ignorant Pretender, or some sly Knave.
(*one to another.*)

Cautious *comes to the same Table with* Bigot, *and places himself against him.*

Cau. Sir, I have heard you speak many opprobrious things against the Fathers of the Romish Perswasion; and tho I am a poor Mechanick, I hope you will give me leave to say something in Vindication of those of that way.

Second Gent. Now we shall have Sport.

Big. Pray, Mr. *Carpenter* don't you pretend to engage with me; thou art some pitiful Fellow allur'd to that Religion out of hopes of having a Job of Journey-Work at the building the next Mass-house——Or thou art in hopes of earning Mony from them by making a few Wooden Gods: O this making Wooden Gods is a most excellent Trade! I'le maintain a Man may get more by half a dozen Wooden Gods, than by a dozen Joynt-stooles or Wooden Dishes——

Cau. I delight not in Scurrility, and am an utter stranger to Learning; but if you will be pleased to hear what I have to say, like a true Carpenter, I will speak according to Rule, and contract what I have to say into a narrow compass.

Big. Gramercy brave Carpenter, thou shalt see how I will hew all thy Arguments into Chips. Come, begin——

Cau. Then the case is this——Do you think your self, your small inconsiderable self, to be wiser than the Council of *Lateran*, *Constance*, *Trent*——consisting of so many grave Prelates met together from all parts of the World? Pray answer that.

Big. Ha! Ha! Ha!——A very fine Question indeed——If your Argument were reduced to Mood and Figure, your *minor* Proposition would be a Foot and half longer than your *major*, which is as absurd a thing as to see a Dagger longer than a Sword.

Gent. How like a Coxcomb this Fellow talks.

Cau. I understand no Mood nor Figure, but I understand by the Figure of your Face that you are in an angry Mood, and will not answer my Question; so that the Victory is on my side.

Big. Why, look you, Sir, your Question divides it self into three parts. 1. Whether I am wise? 2. Wiser. 3. Wisest of all: And first, to the first it must needs be acknowledged that I am wise, yea very wise, and as wise as most of my Profession.

Third Gent. Surely this Coxcomb banters.

Big. But then the second Question is, Whether I am wiser? now wiser being a degree of Comparison, and we having an old Proverb in *England*, that Comparisons are odious, I hope the Company will think me wisest of all, if I leave that Point of the Question undecided. [Sure this is ridiculous enough. [*Aside.*

All Company. Ha! Ha! Ha! { Bigot *looks dejected.*
How he endeavours to avoid an Answer.

Cau. Come, answer directly, are you or not?

Big. O, wiser than they——Hum——wiser, I protest I dare not say it——I must not say it——I cannot, I ought not to do it: I must rather yield my self conquer'd.

Third Gent. Did ever Man { *All the Company laughs.*
boast so much, and perform so little?

Big. I protest Gentlemen, you ought not to laugh at a Man for being overcome with the

the force of Truth, it carries great Power, tho in the Mouth of a meer Mechanick; I muſt, *dare manus*, yield him the Glory of the Conqueſt——I am not able to reſiſt the invincible force of Truth——

Firſt Gent. 'Tis odd to ſee one of his Cloth ſo ſoon baffled by a pitiful Mechanick.

Second Gent. I fear 'tis done by Compact, they are ſo ſoon agreed——

Third Gent. No, I begin to ſuſpect the ſtrength of our Cauſe.

Enter Mack-donnel, *and places himſelf at the Table over againſt* Bigot.

Big. O, Gentlemen, why are you not all converted by my Example! I was juſt now boaſting in my Hereſy, and fondly amorous of my erroneous Opinions: But now a dazling and an amazing Light has darted through the dark Concerns of my Heart by help of this ignorant Mechanick —— Why are you not mov'd more, Gentlemen? Why don't ye throw your ſelves into the chaſt Embraces of your loving Mother? Come, pray, Gentlemen, follow me, and enter in apace, the Door may ſoon be ſhut—— *Bauls aloud.*

Firſt Gent. He talks like a Merry-*Andrew* at *Bartholomew*-Fair.

Second Gent. 'Tis the oddeſt Change that ever I ſaw——

Subt. to *Turn.* If he get into his zealous Rhetorical Strain, he will ſpoil all——

Turn. Who, a Pox, cares whether he does or no.

Big. Come, pray Gentlemen be a little more forward, and accept of my ſtrenuous and vocal Invitation— What none— None at all declare! None here for *Rome*——Who's for *Rome?*—— *Bauls aloud.*

Subt. to *Turn.* I told you he would over-act his part at laſt.

Mack-donnel *riſes up, and takes* Bigot *by the Hand.*

Mack. O my dear Brother *Bigot*, the Deel tauke me if Iſh haud known thee but by thy Voiſh——Why whaut doſh my deare Joy mauke weare of aun Heretick Gown aund Cauſſack for—— But by my ſhoul and Saint *Pautrick*, I ſaw thee this Morning in the Haubite of St. *Dominick*, and now thou doſht look ſo odly in that——

Big. Hold your Peace or I am diſcover'd. [*Aſide* to *Mack.*]

Mack. No, I will not hold my Peace, I will mauk Speech to the Company, and tell them what a Rauſcal thow art to turn Proteſtant Heretick this Afternoon, who wer't a Catholick Prieſt in the Morning——I ſay again, thow waſt a Catholick Prieſt this very Morning by Shaint *Pautrick*, and now thow art turn'd Heretick——Baſhe Heretick, Turncoat Heretick——

Firſt Gent. O, this is a piece of Roguery then——

Cau. Nay but *Mack-donnel* — dear *Mack.* doſt not know me, prethee hold thy Tongue.

Mack. Know thee — why thow art Brother *Cautious*, the famouſh *Dominican*, what a Deel maukes thee in Carpenter's Clothes— run away from the Cautholick Church in Diſguiſe, by Shaint *Pautrick*, I will mauke kill upon you both for your Roguery, baſhe Roguery Villains! Dogs.

Takes a Diſh of Coffee and throws in Bigot's *Face, and pulls out* Cautious's *Rule and ſtrikes him on the Pate.*

Turn. Nay, good Friend, no Iriſh Maſſacre here. *Holding* Mack.

Subt. to *Mack.* You cannot ſee your Friends from Prieſts——Prethee be quiet——

Mack. No, I will not, I cannot be quiet——I will maule —— maule theſe turn-coat Prieſts to death. *Breaks looſe and kicks them about the Room.*

Firſt Gent. O now I ſee the Roguery is come out, they came hither to put a Cheat upon us.

Second Gent. Come let's leave the Knaves to their Devices, this Sham won't take——

Third Gent. We ſhall take care to ſpread the Fame of their Roguery about the City— And ſo farewel. [*Exeunt*, &c.

Cau. So Brother *Mack-donnel*, now you done bravely and ruin'd all.

Big. Thou haſt marr'd the moſt glorious Victory in the World——All after-Ages will have cauſe to curſe thee——

Mack. By Shaint *Paatrick*——I do not know what hurt I have done——I did ſpeak the truth——and I think I've ſerved you right enough.

Big. Aye, 'tis Truth does ruine us——This is the firſt time that I ever found any Miſchief in Zeal——Come in, we'l make you ſenſible of your Error—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Geo. Subt. *follow'd by a Servant.*

Sir *Geo.* This is the oddeſt Letter that ever I received. Let me ſee——ſurely my Senſes deceive me. (*Pulls out the Letter and reads.*)

For Sir Geo. Subtleman *at* Kenſington, *Theſe.*

Sir,

'YOu may ſave your Eſtate and your Life 'into the bargain, if at three of the 'Clock in the Afternoon, on the third Inſtant 'at the *Savoy* Coffee-houſe, you will meet

Your unknown Friend.

R. C.

I can't imagine who this *R. C.* ſhould be, I expect to find him a mad Man, a Knave, or a Fool; for I have but one Son, and have no reaſon to ſuſpect him of any Plot againſt my Life or Eſtate——How comes this Letter?

Ser. By a ſpecial Meſſenger.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis ſtrange! but yet I ſhan't neglect—— Doſt thou know where my Niece *Lancaſia* lodges?

Ser. 'Tis near this Place——but where I cannot tell.

Sir *Geo.* Go, find it out, and tell her I intend to wait on her.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Enter Cautious, Jonathan *his Man.*

Cau. Art thou ſure, *Jonathan*, that is old Sir *Geo. Subtleman.*

Jon. Yes, I am very ſure. } *At Sir* George *is poring on the Letter.*

Cau. Then will I diſcover his Son's Intentions to kill him, and ſo compleat my Revenge on young *Subtleman* for cheating me of my Money, and perhaps get no ſmall Sum from the old Man for this ſeaſonable Information——

Jon. But did you not promiſe *Subtleman*, that you would not, directly or indirectly, do him an Injury.

Cau. Pſhaw, pſhaw, 'tis for grave old Men, and not ſuch young Striplings as your ſelf to underſtand the Obligation of Promiſes——Let me alone for that.

Advancing to Sir George.

Sir, tho' a Stranger, I make bold to ask you if this Paper be ſubſcribed *R. C?*

Sir *Geo.* Yes, Sir, it is ſo.

Cau. If ſo, I muſt acknowledg my ſelf to be the Author of it; and upon good terms can give you farther information.

Sir *Geo.* Your Information I ſhall hear moſt gladly. But before you begin, I will tell you my Character, and that perhaps may ſave you the labour of proceeding further. I am old, but not infected with the uſual Humours of Old Age. I am not credulous, for I believe none (eſpecially Prieſts) upon their bare word. If you bring no further proof than that, you will loſe your Cauſe in my Court of Juſtice. I am not timerous, and therefore you may ſpare all flouriſhing Aggravations of Danger, for there is no Danger that I dare not meet, or that can ſeem greater to me than it really is. I am neither ſtupid or forgetful; therefore if you have ſent this Paper, or come your ſelf to impoſe upon me, you ſhall find that I have not forgot the faculty of remembring Injuries. I am neither immoderately Covetous, nor dotingly Prodigal. I requite Courteſies moderately in my Life-time, but ſhall never (like ſome old Children) leave an Eſtate to them that feed me with Sugar-Plums, or buy me Play-things. But I have one Imperfection of old Age, I am very peeviſh when I hear Impertinencies; which praying you to avoid, I hope you will begin your Story——

Cau.

Cau. Well then——Being mov'd by meer Love and Compaſſion——

Sir *Geo.* Nay, then you muſt give me leave to interrupt you; Do'nt pretend Love or Compaſſion to me; For how a De'l ſhouldſt thou love an old Man and a meer Stranger?—Beſides, if thou art mov'd to do me good, what a Pox do I care what mov'd thee——'Tis all one to me, whether 'tis meer Friendſhip, or thine own Intereſt.

I hate Flattery, that is another of my Qualities.

Cau. My own Intereſt! Why all the World knows I am not Covetous——But——

Sir *Geo.* Nay, now I muſt interrupt you again, and tell you plainly, that all the World does not know that thou art not Covetous; for I my ſelf do believe thou art, what elſe ſhould engage thee to turn Informer? And now I muſt tell thee of another of my Qualities; I hate lying above all things in the World, pray avoid that——

Cau. Well——Seeing that you are not willing that I ſhould clear my ſelf from the vile Aſperſion of Covetouſneſs—I ſhall deſiſt——

Sir *Geo.* From what? Do you not now appear in the Perſon of an Informer? and are you ignorant, that the more you are aſperſed, the better you are qualified for that Office?

Cau. I perceive, Sir, you are very well qualified to loſe all you have, rather than receive a little ſeaſonable Information——And ſo Adieu. [*Going out, Sir Geo. pulls him back.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, remember, Sir, ſince I perceive you begin to avoid the Superfluities and Exceſſencies of Speech, I muſt hear what you have to ſay.

Cau. Then you muſt give me Money in the firſt Place, and an Oath of Secrecy not to diſcover your Author in the Second.

Sir *Geo.* This is ſhort, pithy, and to the purpoſe—Here is Mony in the firſt place—And my Promiſe not to diſcover you in the Second.

Cau. Then the Buſineſs in ſhort is this: Your Son has propos'd a Queſtion to be reſolv'd by the Fathers; Whether he may not lawfully knock you on the Head, 1. As a uſeleſs Perſon. 2. A peeviſh and croſs-grain'd, And, 3. an obſtinate Heretick?—And now I can tell you more——(Tho' I hate Covetouſneſs) if you would give me more Money.

Sir *Geo.* What, give thee Money for a notorious and impudent Forgery? My Son knows me to be ſo far from being uſeleſs, that I do all Buſineſs for him; and Eat, Drink, Dance, Wench for my ſelf into the bargain——I am ſo far from being peeviſh, that I can forbear breaking your Head, notwithſtanding this intolerable Provocation. And as for being an obſtinate Heretick, 'tis moſt notoriouſly falſe, for I never did trouble my Head ſo much about Religion as to be one——And now, Sir, I ſhall tell my Son of your Information, for which he will undoubtedly reward you.

Cau. But did you not promiſe Secreſy?

Sir *Geo.* Yes, if you ſpoke Truth, but I cannot conceal a Lie——for that is another of my Qualities which I forgot to mention.

Cau. To confute you, follow me, and I will carry you to the very Place, where you ſhall hear your Son propoſe that Queſtion to my ſelf and others——your Reſolution of it?

Sir *Geo.* Gramercy, old Father, now thou ſpeakeſt to the purpoſe: Do that, and I ſhall be grateful.

Cau. That is, you'l give me a Gratification.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, and a good One too——

Cau. That's well——For tho' I hate Covetouſneſs, yet I love a Gratification, it ſhews Honeſty; Come, follow me——

Sir *Geo.* I will——*Exeunt.*

Scene's *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Leucaſia *and* Betty.

Leu. Art ſure the Story of the Coffee-Houſe Encounter is true?

Betty. 'Tis the whole Diſcourſe and Laughter of the Town. Mr. *Turnabout* was one of the Managers.

Leu. Ha! ha! ha! Then I hope the poor Creature will be tir'd at laſt with their Folly, if not with their Wickedneſs——

Enter *Boy*.

Boy. Madam——Mr. *Turnabout* is upon the Stairs, and is very earneſt for Admittance.

Leu. Let him come up——He's no dangerous Man; Beſides, I want Diverſion.

Exit Boy.

Betty. Now, good Madam, Teaſe him.

Enter *Turnabout*.

Turn. Lady, your Servant——You ſee now the force of Love and good Nature——I am come to viſit you, notwithſtanding the ill Character you gave of me to Father *Politico*.

Leu. I vow, Sir, you condeſcend too much—and make your Viſits with too great an Equipage. My Lodgings here are ſmall, and cannot receive your numerous Train of Pages, Footmen, and other Attendance. The Street I live in is too narrow, and will be encumbred with your Coach and Six——ſo that you muſt not in prudence let your Viſits be long, for which I'm exceeding ſorry.

Turn. Don't let that, Madam, grieve or concern you; I come attended with one only Page, his Name is *Cupid*, he keeps cloſe to me Day and Night, and is extreamly watchful—I hope your Ladyſhip will not turn him down among the Servants in the Hall, but admit him a little nearer to your Boſom.

Leu. If you have a *Cupid*, 'tis certainly the oddeſt that ever was known. He is not only Blind, but Inviſible, for let me die if I can ſee any thing like a *Cupid* about you: You have the ſame Face, the ſame Eyes, the ſame Noſe (abating a little alteration) that you ever had, and which I often told you that I never lik'd. Nay, on my Conſcience, thou haſt the ſame Hat, the ſame Sword, and the ſame Breeches. I fancy thou haſt changed nothing for theſe three Years but thy Religion, and a few Braſs Half-Crowns, and crack'd Nine-pences.

Turn. My *Cupid*, Madam, is never the weaker for being Inviſible. All Philoſophers agree, that there are occult Qualities in Love, as well as in Nature, that can attract Hearts of Steel or Iron, by an Inviſible Chain. It is enough for me that I know you love me, by the care you have taken for my Re-converſion.

Leu. You build a greater Superſtructure upon that, than the Foundation is able to bear. I wonder how you can think a Woman ſhould love a Man the better for his being altered for the worſe. Your Complexion ſeems to me to be pale and ſickly; I fancy you frequent Coffee-Houſes to aſſiſt the Fathers in the laborious propagation of Non-ſenſe. But, let me adviſe you to forbear Coffee, 'twill deſtroy much of the Luſtre that is borrowed from the beneficial influence of Claret.

Turn. How the Devil came ſhe to hear that? [*Aſide.*

Madam, if I am pale, as you ſay, I am pale with Love; and though you often upbraid me with changing, yet I am ſure you can't ſay that ever I chang'd that. Pray, Madam, for once, make trial of my Conſtancy in a Matrimonial way——So you ſhall ſee how patiently I will wear that Chain, without one thought of changing.

Leu. The Experiment is too coſtly for me to make, I am not like thoſe Vertuoſo's that expend ready Mony, in hopes of extracting Gold out of Pewter-Diſhes——Beſides, you pretend to me to be in Love; yet I have one infallible Demonſtration that you are not ſo; for if you were, you could not chuſe but obtain your Deſires, you that are ſo intimate with the famous *Politico*, that has a thouſand Plots and Intrigues in his Head, great and ſmall, of all ſorts and ſizes, for Men and for Women, and (as ſome ſay) for Children too. Methinks he might eaſily teach you a way to circumvent ſuch a weak Woman as I am: He could inſtruct you how to put on ſuch Diſguiſes, that you and Father *Bigot*, and Father *Cautious* might gain half the Women in the Nation, eſpecially if the ingenious *Mackdonnel* have an hand in the Plot.

Turn.

Turn. Good Madam, tell me no more of Plotting, I hate Plotting above all things, and that makes me to frequent Plays: My Buſineſs is plain Love—I have nothing to do with Plotting.

Leu. And I muſt tell you, for your further encouragement, that I can never love a Man of your Perſuaſion.

Turn. Alas, Madam, if that be all, I am of no Perſuaſion at all but your Ladyſhips, for you perſuade me——to any thing: Cannot a Man frequent Maſs, or cokes the Fathers for a little Mony to enable him to keep his Coach and Six——but preſently you muſt think that he is of their Perſuaſion——I vow, Madam, you are too credulous in all things, but in believing that I love you.

Leu. I ſhall avoid that Imputation for the future, but never give credit to any thing you ſay hereafter: For ſince you tell me you diſſemble in other Things, how ſhall I believe you in that.

Turn. O, you may know that by a kind of natural Inſtinct, and by this general Rule, That I never diſſemble but when it is for my Intereſt——

Leu. And therefore if it be your Intereſt to love me, it will be your Intereſt to diſſemble with me——But to wave that, I wonder what expectation you can have from that deſigning Gang, that make it their Buſineſs to deceive you and all Mankind——

Turn. I muſt confeſs at firſt, whilſt they thought me a Man of a good Eſtate, and over-run with the ſimplicity of Superſtition, I could get nothing from them but Exhortations, to ſettle my Land upon the Church; to turn Mendicant, or undertake expenſive Employments for the good of the Catholick Cauſe. But after your Ladyſhip did give *Politico* an account of my Deſigns and Endowments, they treated me with all the Kindneſs Imaginable.——They promiſe Mountains of Gold, and tell me, it ſhall not be long before I ride in my Coach and Six——

Leu. But ſuppoſe you ſhould find your Coach and Six——to be ſuddenly tranſform'd to a Cart and four——by a certain unlucky Spell of Queen *B.* would it not amaze you?

Turn. Pſhaw, pſhaw, never fear that; if I can eſcape dying by Love, I fear no other Death.

Enter *Boy.*

Boy. Madam, here is a Gentlewoman with a Patch on her Noſe, and a great Beadrol in her Hand, that would gladly have admittance.

Leu. I warrant 'tis that Beaſt of a Woman, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, that ambitious Animal, 'twixt Bawd and Whore: That Spiritual Caterer for the Fleſh, that provides the Neceſſaries of Nature for the Fathers with great Zeal and Devotion. 'Tis a Load of Scandal, I will not ſee her.

Turn. If you do not, I fancy ſhe manages ſome private Intrigue with you——Come, Madam, you muſt ſee her, I would fain know her Buſineſs.

Leu. Then you muſt ſtay here to take off the Scandal of the Company——She is the only Perſon in the World that I know more ſcandalous than your ſelf.

Turn. I dare not ſtay, for ſhe lately ſerv'd me a damn'd Jade's Trick, and I fear my Paſſion ſhould make me tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency in a Lady's Chamber——

Leu. Then retire into the Cloſet, and there you may over-hear our Diſcourſe, and be a Witneſs that I hold no correſpondence with you or yours.

Turn. With all my Heart—But pray place Mrs. *Counterfeit*'s Chair very near the Cloſet Door. *Exit.*

Leu. Well, it ſhall——Bid her come up, Boy. *Exit* Boy.

Betty. Now we ſhall have an Intrigue——

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit.

Mrs. *Count.* O Neighbour——Dear Neighbour

bour——ſweet innocent Neighbour, why art thou ſo unkind, as to live ſo near and never come to ſee me.

Leu. You have ſo many Ladies fitter for Converſation in your Houſe, that I believe one of the other Sex would be more acceptable if it were only for Variety's ſake.

Count. I proteſt, Madam, you are miſtaken; not but that an abundance of the moſt religious Ladies in the City do pride themſelves in my Acquaintance, but none to compare with your ſelf for Wit and Beauty. I proteſt, Deareſt, I was in ſome Company, that talk'd ſo well of thee to day——But there was one Story did a little vex me.

Leu. Nay, if you have a Story to tell, you had beſt ſit down.

[*Chairs there, one next that Cloſet-door.*]

Betty to *Count.* Pleaſe you to ſit there, Madam.

Count. Then I will tell thee, Deareſt, they ſay thou art in love with Mr. *Turnabout*, a Man of no Parts, Addreſs or Fortune——I proteſt I wonder that a Lady of your excellent Perfections ſhould think of throwing away your ſelf upon a Perſon that is never likely to make any Figure in the World.

Turn. What's that, Ha! what's that?

Turnabout *comes out, and ſtands liſtening behind her Chair.*

Leu. I thought he had been the moſt likely of any—He boaſts much of his Friendſhip with *Politico*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and others——I thought he might have been one of the greateſt Men in the Nation.

Count. Aye, he may boaſt as long as he pleaſes, but I can aſſure you he has little reaſon; I know the Minds of the Fathers better than he does, and I heard them ſay this very Morning, that they never intended to do any thing for him.

Turn. How's that——how——damn'd Whore. [*Aſide.*

Leu. What nothing at all?

Count. I beg your Pardon, Madam, ſomething they may do, perhaps get him to be a Serjeant in a Foot Regiment, which they foreſee will ſhortly be disbanded, and then you may ſee him ſent home with one Shoe on his Foot, and a piece of another in his Snapſack — Or if he had rather chuſe Civil than Military, they may make him Alderman of ſome Corporation where they fetch Straw, and the Mayor thatches.

Leu. Ha, ha, ha, is that all?

Turnabout *takes hold of her Chair and pulls her backwards, and giving her a box o'th Ear, runs back into the Cloſet.*

Turn. O damn'd Whore, come hither to ſpoil my Fortune!

Count. O, Murther! Murther! I am come here to a Friend's Houſe to be murthered!

Leu. No, good Mrs. *Counterfeit*, I hope there's no hurt yet; here, *Betty*, help her up. [*Lifts her up.*]

Count. Was ever an Indignity of this groſs nature put upon a Lady in her Friend's Houſe?

Betty. You muſt not, Madam, impute this to my Lady, we have a Servant in the Houſe, the Fathers have caus'd to run mad, by puzling his Head with Controverſy, and promiſing to make him Mayor of a regulated Corporation; and whenever he hears talk of Mayor or Aldermen, he is always ready to do Miſchief——

Count. Well, I proteſt, he has diſorder'd — He ought to be puniſh'd ſeverely for it——

Leu.

Leu. Mad Men and Fools have Priviledges of farther extent than the greateſt Princes: we cannot be angry at them without becoming like unto them; but I hope you'l paſs it by ſince you have not much harm.

Count. Well, ſince it is ſo, I muſt bear it: But as I was ſaying before, my dear Neighbour, there is a Perſon of Quality lately fallen in love with you——Well, I'le ſay no more,—but for Riches, Beauty, Wit, Bravery and every thing that is charming, perhaps all *England* has not his Fellow, only he has one one fault, for which I needs muſt hate him.

Leu. And perhaps that one fault will outballance all his other Vertues: if you would recommend a Man to me, let me know his Faults firſt, and I will ſoon find out his Vertues after. Men expoſe their Excellencies, like rich Furniture, to the Eyes of all Beholders, when their Defects, like Lumber, is thrown into dark Corners where it is hard to find them.

Count. O, but this is a fault expoſed to the Eyes of the World, and I am forbid by the Principles of my Religion to intercede for him.

Leu. It muſt needs then be ſome Filthineſs that ought not to be named; you had beſt let it alone and paſs to ſome other Subject.

Count. No, I proteſt I will not; but I'le tell you plainly what it is. He is ſuch an obſtinate Heretick, and ſuch a Slave to his pretended Honour, that rather than comply with ſome reaſonable Demands, he has quitted one of the moſt conſiderable Military Employments in the Army.

Leu. That is hard indeed.

Count. And the truth is, he has brought that Miſchief upon his own Head by affronting the famous *Politico* and *Bigot*, he was always ſatyrical againſt them, but they at length reſolv'd to chaſtiſe him——And does not your Ladiſhip now abhor him for this?

Leu. So far from that, that I aſſure you I honour all thoſe worthy Patriots that fall by the hands of thoſe inſatiable Canibals; and I wiſh it lay in my Power to redreſs any part of his Lordſhip's Sufferings: I perceive you miſtake me for a Catholick, I am of a contrary Perſwaſion.

Count. I proteſt I did not know it — well then you are the only Perſon in the World that can relieve his Melancholy, one glance of yours would turn his Night into Day: He is in Town *Incognito*, ſighing always for you, and repeating the ſweet Name of *Leucaſia*: O dear Madam, that you would but afford him the Conſolation of a Viſit.

Leu. I am always a Friend to the Reſolute and Brave as far as it conſiſts with the Rules of my Honour. Pray what is his Name?

Count. Let his Name be conceal'd for the preſent, when you come to know it you will be amaz'd.

Leu. That's ſtrange —— Then I preſume he is aſham'd of the Amour below him.

Count. Not ſo, but there are particular Reaſons for it; but I proteſt, Madam, he is a Man of unbounded Wealth and Generoſity; here are ſome Jewels of his meer trifles in reſpect of his Riches, which he deſires you to accept of.

Leu. Sure his Lordſhip thinks me very Mercenary —— I am not uſed to receive ſuch Offers. [*Angry.*]

Betty. Pray, Madam, accept of them, I will give you a good Reaſon for it by the by. [*Aſide* to *Leu.*]

Leu. Thou art very impertinent——But for once I'le take thy Counſel. [*Aſide* to *Betty.*]

Count. Nay deareſt, prethee be not angry, he thought them Curioſities your Ladyſhip might affect —Prethee be ſo kind as to accept of them.

Leu.

Leu. Tho I am not ignorant that hereby I ſhall tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency; yet becauſe his Lordſhip is a Sufferer for the Cauſe I love, and perſecuted by the Perſons I hate, I can deny him nothing——Pray let me ſee 'em.

Count. And you will permit him to tell you his Sufferings.

Leu. 'Tis a thing too ſmall to deny a Perſon of his worth.

[*She and* Betty *looking on the Jewels.*

Count. This Plot of *Politico*'s does take to Admiration. (*Whiſpers* Leu.) the hour 5.

Leu. Yes.

Count. Then my deareſt Neighbour adieu. [*She riſes.*]

Now I ſhall move nimbly tho my Bones are ſore bruiſed. [*Aſide.*

But pray Neighbour, let me ſee you ſometimes at my Houſe, I have there a Set of as civil devout Gentlewomen as ever *Europe* bred——But pray don't come at our hours of Prayer——we have Prayers five times a day ——After that we take all Liberty imaginable——

Leu. I believe you.

Count. Your Servant ſweet Lady.

[*Exit curteſying.*

Leucaſia *calls* Turnabout *out of the Cloſet.*

Leu. (*Laughing.*) Here Mr. *Turnabout*, Serjeant, Mayor, Alderman —— What are you? why don't you ſlip out of your Hole for Joy to hear ſuch good News from Mrs. *Counterfeit.*

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. And methinks, Madam, you might run into yours for ſhame, to receive Gifts from, and promiſe Aſſignations to caſhiered Lords and Barons.

Leu. Then, I warrant, you pretend to be jealous, and with a deſign too of making me believe that you are in Love; but that is too common a Sham to impoſe upon one that is not very proud of her own Perfections. Alas! if you ſhould marry me, you muſt expect ten times more than this.

Turn. I do believe it, Madam——Farewel. [*He's going.*]

Leu. Nay, ſtay a little, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Turn. After the Spark has been here, I am ready to hear. [*Exit.*

Leu to *Betty.*

So, now I ſee what it is to take the Advice of Chamber-Maids —— You counſelled me to take the Jewels, and now the jealous Mr. *Turnabout* will make a fine Story of it about Town.

Betty. Your Fame is ſo great, and your Innocence greater, that you may well deſpiſe thoſe Cenſures that are dreadful only to the Guilty——But, Madam, I had good Reaſon for my Advice; for I fancy the great Proteſtant Commander is no other than the famous *Politico* that intends to make love in that Diſguiſe.

Leu. On my Conſcience a ſhrewd gueſs! But, prethee, what are thy Reaſons for it?

Betty. Why, firſt, your Ladyſhip told me, that he gloated upon you with luſtful Eyes.

Leu. 'Tis true, I did obſerve it.

Betty. Then you know that Mrs. *Counterfeit* does deal for no other kind of Cattel.

Leu. 'Tis true, ſhe trades with no other.

Betty. Then whereas ſhe pretends, that he is a great Proteſtant Commander lately caſhiered, it is impoſſible——The publick News gives an Account of no ſuch Perſon—it muſt needs be a Fiction.

Leu. That's well obſerv'd.

Betty.

Betty. Then ſhe conceals the Name, and yet can give no reaſon for it.

Leu. All this is true.

Betty. Now if your Ladyſhip would let me ſee the Jewels, I could diſcover more from them.

Leu. Prithee ſee them as long as thou wilt. [*Shews 'em.*

Betty. By heavens the very ſame!—— A Servant of *Politico*'s ſhew'd ſome of theſe very Jewels in a Scrittore of his, by chance left open.

Leu. 'Tis beyond doubt; and I am as glad of it, as if he had given me half the *Indies*. If I catch him in the Trap, I ſhall ſerve him as I uſe to do Vermin, make him leave a Limb behind him.—— But I will firſt take a little freſh Air, to quicken my Invention. Do thou ſtay at home; my Unkle Sir *George* deſir'd the uſe of my Apartment this afternoon, for the entertainment of ſome Friends, but I know not what matter of concernment. Pray ſee my Servants let them want no attendance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir George Subtleman, Cautious, *Servant to* Leucaſia, *and* Jon. Simper.

Sir Geo. *to Serv.* Is my Niece gone out then?

Serv. Juſt taken Coach, Sir; and left word, That you and your friends ſhould be entertain'd in this Apartment.

Sir George. 'Twas kindly done. —— *To ſerv.*] You may retire. You ſee, Mr. *Cautious*, here is a Room for the Conſultation, here a Cloſet for me to over-hear in.—— You ſay, It is in your Power to bring them whereſoe'r you pleaſe; if I find your allegations againſt my Son to be true, I have Writings ready to convey the beſt part of my Eſtate to my Niece, and a Thouſand pound Bond ready to ſeal to your ſelf: but if falſe, you may eaſily gueſs the conſequence.

Cau. Ay, One dreadful conſequence would be, That I ſhould get no money.

Sir Geo. That's true.

Cau. Well, retire into the Cloſet; be patient, and give me leave, according to my cuſtom, to vote with the major part, and I ſhall convince you.

Sir Geo. I am ready to make trial.

[*Retires into the Cloſet, and locks the door.*

Cau. Go, *Jonathan*, tell the Gentlemen walking by the Water-ſide, that I am ready to attend them.

Jon. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit* Jon.

Cau. Now is not this better, to mind my own private Concerns, and get 1000*l.* than to mind the Publick, and get nothing but a rap over the head with a Carpenter's Rule, or a kick on the breech, as I lately receiv'd from *Mackdonnel*? This Notion of *Publick Good* is a meer Chimæra, fram'd by thoſe men that love to do great things to no purpoſe.—— For my part, I can perceive nothing real in it.——

Enter Subtleman, *Father* Bigot, *three Caſuiſts in black*, Jonathan Simper.

Cau. Gentlemen, ye are welcome to the Apartment I have choſen as moſt convenient.——A Table here, and Stools.

[*They are brought, they ſit round the Table.*

Mr. *Subtleman*, propound your Caſe.—— Theſe Gentlemen have ſtudied Caſuiſtical Divinity at St. *Omers*, and can ſoon reſolve you.

Subt. Then thus it is:—— A young Gentleman, willing to turn Catholick, is hindred by a Father that is uſeleſs, old, peeviſh, rich, heretical.—— *Quære*, Whether in this Caſe it may not be lawful for the young Son to remove by violent courſes the ancient Father?

Sir George *within.* Oh Rogue! Raſcal! Villain!

Big. Gentlemen, I will open the particular Caſe of young Mr. *Subtleman* thus:—— In all moral actions, we muſt conſider the Good and Evil that attend them, and cautiouſly conſider which does outweigh the other: Let us apply then this Rule to our preſent Caſe, and ſee what Good and what Evil is likely to enſue the removal of this ancient Gentleman.

All. A good method.

Big. As for the good, that is great and Viſible: For, firſt, hereupon a young Gentleman of known Parts and Integrity will immediately declare for the Catholick

Church;—— which I eſteem to be worth to the Publick at leaſt 1000 *l.*—Then here's an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per annum* plac'd in the hands of one that will beſtow it upon Religious Uſes:—Valuing which but at twelve years purchaſe, amounts to 48000 *l.*—Then here are Lectures againſt Popery prevented, (for the old Gentleman has threatned to ſettle part of his Eſtate for that uſe), the avoiding which, I ſuppoſe, may be valued at 2000 *l.* more.—— This amounts in all to 50000 *l.*

All. An exact computation.

Big. Now let us take a brief view of the Evil or Miſchief in this action.—— Firſt, here is a Gentleman removed out of the way, that was likely to enjoy an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per annum* for about three years, and that is worth 12000 *l.* But becauſe he is decrepit, and cannot have the free uſe of Women, Wine, and other Diverſions, the moſt it can amount to is 1000 *l.*

Sir Geo. *from within.* The Rogue belies me, I can uſe them as well as he.

Big. Then here are ſome innocent Relations wrong'd of ſome trifling Legacies;—— which we will eſteem, tho dearly, at 3000 *l.* Then there is the Charges of getting the work done, which in *Italy* I ſhould value but at Half-a-Crown: but ſuch Villains being dearer here than in Catholick Countries, it may coſt 20 *l.* The Penances for expiation of the Crime I value at 100 *l.* tho there were good times when ſuch things might be done cheaper.—So that the whole damage of ſuch an action amounts but to 5200 *l.* and what proportion does that bear to 50000 *l.*?

1 *Caſ.* My Brother ſpeaks well, but not all that may be ſaid on this Subject:—— For in Murther two things are to be conſidered; 1. the Act of killing, and 2. the Intention. Now it is plain that the Immorality of Murther does not conſiſt in meer killing, for then every Executioner or Soldier would be guilty of Murther: but it is the evil malicious intention of the mind that is all in all. Now if Mr. *Subtleman* bear no malice to his Father, but does that Work in a ſpirit of Love and Charity for the good of the Catholick Cauſe, there can be no evil in it; provided he gives all the Eſtate that accrues thereby, to the Church, to ſhew that therein he was not acted by a ſpirit of Covetouſneſs.

Subt. What an unconſcionable Fellow is this! Could not one half ſerve his turn? [*Aſide.*

2 *Caſ.* My Brother ſpeaks well, but I muſt add this:—— That as to kill a man (yea a Parent) with a charitable intention is certainly lawful; ſo to kill an Heretick, an inveterate obſtinate Heretick, is more than lawful, it is highly meritorious: They are condemn'd by the Laws Eccleſiaſtical and Civil, and any man may be their Executioner.

3 *Caſ.* What my Reverend Brethren have ſaid in this Caſe, is undoubtedly true; but, for the Gentleman's ſatisfaction, I will prove the lawfulneſs of the Fact by an infallible Demonſtration.——Suppoſe it thus:—— Young Mr. *Subtleman* takes up an Hammer, and knocks out the Brains of his aged Parent:—— *Quære*, If this Action be in it ſelf unlawful?——I anſwer, No;——For if there be no unlawfulneſs in any part of this Action, then there is none in the whole.—— But there is no unlawfulneſs either in taking up the Hammer, or lifting the Hammer, or letting down the Hammer; *Ergo*, There is none in knocking out the old man's Brains.

Subt. This fellow is more Dunce than Villain. [*Aſide.*

Big. But what ſay you to the point, Brother *Cautious?*

Cau. Why look ye, Brethren, ye have left me little to ſay, but only this:——If there be any evil in ſuch a Murther, it conſiſts in the Injury that is done to the murdered perſon; and an Injury, is ſome part of Injuſtice done to man againſt his will, (*Volenti non fit injuria*); If therefore there could be a way found to ſend the Gentleman into another world with his own conſent, there could be no ſcruple in it.

1 *Caſ.* Then the beſt way is to knock out's Brains with 100 *l.* Bag.—— If he be a truly covetous man, he can never think that money can do him any harm.

2 *Caſ.*

2 *Caſ.* Or pour down his Throat a ſpoonful of melted Gold, when he ſleeps with his mouth open.

3 *Caſ.* Or diſpatch him with a good Doſe of Quickſilver, he muſt needs have a veneration for That; it is the Mother of Gold, and all other Metals.

Subt. What a pleaſant Story this will be to tell the old man! [*Aſide.*

Enter Sir George *from the Cloſet, with two Papers in his hand; They all ſtart, and are amaz'd.*

Sir Geo. Gentlemen, I underſtand that I am a dying man, and therefore I beſeech ye all to be witneſſes to my laſt Will and Teſtament.

Subt. My Father! what curſed luck brought him hither? If he o'r-heard our diſcourſe, he will think that I was in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Come, pray Gentlemen be Witneſſes to my Will; 'tis ſoon done, and human life is uncertain.

Subt. My honoured Father, what good Genius brought you hither!

Sir Geo. O thou beſt of Sons! I am glad to ſee thee in ſo good company.

[*Goes to ſalute them, they are ſneaking away.* Nay pray Gentlemen ſtay. — I have ſtrange preſages of my Death, and fear it will be ſudden. —— I have given 40 *s.* to my only Son, —— So much Vertue ſhould not go unrewarded. —— The reſt of my Eſtate ſhall be given to my virtuous Niece, *Leucaſia*. —— Pray ſtay and ſeal preſently, for I have a great many Money-bags, and do often ſleep with my mouth open.

1 *Caſ.* Sir, we cannot ſtay.

2 *Caſ.* Sir, you muſt excuſe us, we have buſineſs.

3 *Caſ.* Here are witneſſes enough beſide us. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[Bigot *is going out, but is ſtopt by Sir* Geo.

Sir Geo. Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſtay, and be witneſs with my Son to a Bond. —— A Candle here.

[*A Candle brought; the Bond ſeal'd, and given to* Cautious.

Subt. But pray Sir hear me.

Sir Geo. Good Son, avoid impertinencies. What needſt thou ſpeak, when the thing is done?

Subt. But one word.

Sir Geo. There is never a word in the world that can make to thy purpoſe. — I heard enough.

Subt. But, Sir, you are miſtaken in me.

Sir Geo. But, Son, you are miſtaken in me —— I know how to keep out of your Clutches.

Subt. But by all that's good and ſacred!—

Sir Geo. That is, by juſt nothing. —— How canſt thou think any thing good or ſacred, that couldſt deſign and contrive the Death of a Parent?

Subt. You cannot think ſo.

Sir Geo. Yes, Son, I can, muſt, and will think ſo.

Big. But pray, Sir, conſider his motive was Zeal, pure, flaming Zeal. —— I ſay you ſhould excuſe it.

Cau. Mr. Subtleman, I am ſorry for your misfortune, but cannot relieve you.

Sir Geo. I wiſh you much joy of living by your Wits. [*Exeunt all but young* Subt.

[Cau. *drops a Paper.*

Subt. Hell! Death! and Confuſion! —— What a damn'd Præmunire have theſe Rogues, Prieſts and Caſuiſts brought me into! —— I am betray'd, elſe it is impoſſible my Father ſhould be in *Leucaſia*'s Cloſet. —— But the Traytor I know not. —— But ſtay, here's a Paper, I'll read it.

[*Takes up the Paper, and reads.*

The Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above-bounden Sir George Subtleman, *Knight and Baronet, do pay, or cauſe to be paid to* Robert Cautious, *&c. the Sum of* 1000 *l. in conſideration of the diſcovery of his Son's Villany, &c. Then this Obligation, &c.*

So then 'tis out —— The revengeful, covetous Dog, *Cautious*, has done me this Injury, tho contrary to his Oath: But by heavens I ſhall make him and his Punk in man's Cloaths pay dearly for it. And yet it is no wonder; for

He that a Secret to a Prieſt does truſt,
Or is ſo fooliſh as to hope him Juſt,

May he become Partaker of my Fate,
And ſee his Error when it is too late. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Cautious, Jon. Simper *crying, and Servant to* Leucaſia.

Cau. to Serv. IF your Lady be at leiſure, preſent her with this Paper from her Unkle, Sir *George Subtleman*; and tell her, I have a farther meſſage by word of mouth.

Serv. My Lady will wait upon you preſently. [*Exit.*

Cau. Nay, it is vain to cry, for part we muſt. —— Young *Subtleman* knows your Sex, and will divulge that ſecret as confidently as *Grubſtreet*-News, and as ſpeedily as a falſe Alarm.

Jon. And can you be ſo cruel as to thruſt me from you, who have been ſo faithful? Did you not often tell me, That ſimple Fornication was no Sin, and ſometimes a Duty? Did not you cite many of your moſt famous Authors, to prove that it was an Act of Charity, pure and flaming Charity, to relieve the natural Neceſſities of a languiſhing Brother, excluded from the Joys of Matrimony? Did you not make me believe all this? elſe I had been pure and innocent. [*Cries.*

Cau. I cannot deny, but that ſeveral of our Caſuiſtical Authors are, as I told you, of that Opinion; but it has ſince been condemned as a ſcandalous Truth, not fit to be divulg'd, eſpecially in an heretical Country, where the major part are of another Opinion.

Jon. How often have you call'd me your Spiritual Siſter, and told me that that Relation was ſtronger than a Matrimonial Obligation? How often have you made me believe that you had a Papal Diſpenſation to enjoy me with ſafety for ever? —— And muſt I now be turn'd away, without money to provide the neceſſaries of nature?

Cau. Pray talk not of money, you know that I am poor, and have none.

Jon. What have I done to deſerve this uſage from you? Have I not been ſilent, to gratifie your curs'd Hypocriſie? Have I not quietly laid down two great Bellies in the Country, without ſo much as crying out, even in Labour? Did not I ſave the lives of both the Babes, becauſe they were like thee, ungrateful man! when you and the Catholick Midwife would have had them both diſpatch'd?

Cau. To ſave the credit of an Order, I preſume, ſome ſuch thing might be done; tho, I confeſs, it is better to let it alone, if it can be let alone without ſo much charge.

Jon. Have not I been as ſilent as a *Turkiſh* Mute, or as *Epicæne* in the *Silent Woman*, leſt my Voice ſhould betray my Sex; and what greater torment can a Woman ſuffer than ſilence? tho ſometimes your wanton dalliances with other Women might provoke even a ſtone to ſpeak; —— eſpecially one that has lov'd you as I always did. [*Cries.*

Cau. But, notwithſtanding your ſilence, your Sex is now known to young *Subtleman*; and if he be once enrag'd, as I fear he will be, he will make my diſgrace intollerable: I have already loſt 1000 *l.* would you have me to loſe all?

Jon. Come, if the truth were known, you have little reaſon to upbraid me with loſing 1000 *l.* I have ſav'd you more than that: Other men that keep Miſſes, are forc'd to expend the beſt part of their Eſtates in Cloaths, Pages, Coaches, Footmen, and a thouſand ſuch devices; but you have kept me in the habit of a poor Serving-man, and bought my Cloaths in *Long-lane*, as you ſay, to prevent ſuſpicion, but as I believe, to ſave charges. If Mr. *Subtleman* does know my Sex, it is no fault of mine; he remembers ever ſince he plaid at Lancteraloo at my Lady *Fanciful*'s; for I had a face then might be remembred, but now ——

Cau. Ay now, indeed, it is time to repent, we have enjoy'd our pleaſure a long time. She is naturally well inclin'd, this may work on her. [*Aſide.*

Jon. Ay 'tis time to repent; but I can tell you a great many things you ought to repent of

of before this.—How often have you turn'd away poor honeſt Catholicks from employment of Truſt and Profit, to make room for Atheiſts and Heretieks, becauſe they had more money and leſs honeſty!

Cau. Pray be leſs obſtreporous, and remember you are in *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Jon. How often have you given promiſe of the ſame place to ten ſeveral perſons, and employ'd your Intereſt at Court for none!—Do you think I have forgot theſe things?

Cau. Nay, now you will never have done. I ſay, Remember again that you are in the Lady *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Jon. Nay, how ſhould I ever have done, when I remember how often you have made me forſwear my ſelf? As in the caſe of the Gentleman laſt night, who promis'd you 80 Guinea's for a kindneſs, and you made me ſwear it was 100.

Cau. And pray what did you loſe by that? did not I give you five Guinea's for your Reward?

Jon. Ay, but ſince you talk of repenting, why don't you repent of theſe things? Come, come, you may be aſham'd to uſe me thus. If *Politico* deals no better with his Ladies, ask Mrs. *Count.*

Enter Betty.

Betty. Sir You're dogg'd from your Lodgings hither, and the Houſe is beſet by Sir *George Subtleman*, his Son, Father *Bigot Mackdonnel*, with Conſtables and Watch.—They have loſt a golden Chalice, and young Mr. *Subtleman* affirms he ſaw ſomething very bulky in your man's boſom, and they are reſolv'd to ſearch him very narrowly: my Lady gives them full leave, without the leaſt reſentment, and they are now upon the ſtairs.

Cau. Bid 'em come up if they dare.

Betty. I will. [*Exit.*

Cau. Death and Confuſion! This is a Plot of young *Subtleman*'s to procure my diſgrace and ruin: I muſt prevent him.

[Simper *ſtands with a Handkerchief before her face.*

[*Kneeling.*] My deareſt *Betty*, by all that's good and ſacred; By our paſt Loves, and by our future Hopes; By thoſe two Pledges of our eager Loves, That lie ſo round in native Innocence, Do not betray me to my deadly Foe, But ſtep into this Cloſet.

Here's the Key, I'll lock the door, and ſtiffly will maintain you're run away.—By heavens don't deny me.

Jon. For once I will not, tho you don't deſerve that uſage from my hands.—But I am tender. [*She goes into the Cloſet, he locks her in.*

Cau. The work is done, 'tis words muſt do the reſt; And thoſe ſhall not be wanting.

Enter Sir George, *young* Subtleman, Leucaſia, Betty, Bigot, Mackdonnel, *Conſtable and Watch.*

Subt. I can aſſure you, I ſaw Father *Cautious*'s Man come from that place, and ſomething of a large bulk ſeem'd to be in his boſom, which I believe might be the golden Chalice you have loſt.—Pray ſearch for it there, and for the other Ornaments you have loſt.

Conſt. Well, let me alone to ſearch him.—I'll find it, tho he pull his ſkin over it.

Big. O monſtrum horrendum! Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave a little to expatiate upon the Subject; and leſt I ſhould be tedious to ſo worthy an Aſſembly, I will contract my whole Diſcourſe into theſe twenty general Heads, with their reſpective Branches——

Sir Geo. Good Father *Bigot*, omit thoſe twenty general Heads, and let the Fact be proved firſt, and then you may take time to prove the heinouſneſs of the Crimes afterwards.—It is uncertain whether Father *Cautious* has ſtoln the things or no.——

Big. It is uncertain! But what if it be proved, firſt, That I am a Man, and that Man is a Chriſtian, and that Chriſtian a Catholick, and that Catholick one of good Education; and that Education in the houſe of a Prieſt; and that Prieſt an heavenly devout perſon: I ſay, To conſider that ſuch a Man ſhould be guilty of ſuch a Crime, it fills my mind with admiration!

Sir Geo. And it fills your mouth with Nonſence, pure, copious Nonſence. If the Chalice

Chalice were mine, and as big as a Mountain, I would rather chuſe voluntarily to loſe it, than to hear a long Oration in diſpraiſe of Thievery.—— As if words could make it worſe than really it is: If this Fellow has ſtoln the Chalice, he's a Rogue and a Thief; if not, we are fools to ſuſpect him.—Now that's to the purpoſe.

Subt. We ſhall ſoon be reſolv'd.—— If you find none of the Goods in his Boſom, pray, to be ſure, ſearch his Breeches.

Leu. Uſe all freedom imaginable in my Lodgings,—I would not have them a Sanctuary for any ſort of Rogues, either Temporal or Spiritual.

Mack. Ay, but if the Villain has melted down the golden Chalice into ſilver Spoons and Thimbles, how a Deel ſhall we know it again?

Conſt. O, well enough, there's a Mark upon't.

Mack. Deel tank me, I ne're tought of dat; dere is a Mark upon it, and let him melt it down as ſoon as he pleaſe, we ſhall know it by de Mark.

Subt. to *Betty.* Did not you ſay that *Cautious* and his Man were in this Room?

Betty. They were here juſt now; I ſaw Mr. *Cautious* walk into the next Room.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Sir* Geo.

Subt. to *Sir Geo.* Sir, I have taken this pains to convince you that that Father *Cautious* is as baſe an Hypocrite as ever canted in a Gown; That you ſhall ſee now, that his pretended Man, that lies with him, is a Woman, a notorious impudent Woman: and why then ſhould you give ſuch credit to ſo ill a man, as upon his Teſtimony to diſinherit your only Son?

Sir Geo. My dear Son, thou art full of Impertinencies; for firſt you ſhould endeavour, if you would ſpeak to the purpoſe, to prove him a Liar; and thou, inſtead of that, doeſt endeavour very impertinently to prove him an Whore-maſter, as if a little prudent Whoring would hinder him from ſpeaking the Truth. Then, in the ſecond place, I made my Will not ſo much for his Teſtimony, but becauſe I heard thee with mine own ears contriving my death; ſo that I being the Evidence, thou muſt invalidate my Teſtimony, by proving me a Rogue, and a Raſcal, and a Thief, or thou canſt not ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Subt. Sir, I beg nothing of you, but that you would believe me Innocent of ſuch a Crime, till you have heard my Defence. What I ſaid or did then, was purely to divert their importunity in ſolliciting me to turn preſently to their ſide; and partly to make trial of their honeſty, whether they would counſel me to do ſo black a deed. This Father *Cautious* diſcovers to you, tho before he had ſolemnly ſwore, That he would not directly or indirectly do me any injury.

Sir Geo. Saiſt thou ſo, Boy? now thou ſpeakſt to the purpoſe, and I could heartily wiſh my ſelf fool enough to believe thee innocent.

Enter Leucaſia, Betty, *Father* Bigot, Mackdonnel, *Fa.* Cautious, *Conſtable and Watch.*

Cau. I proteſt, Gentlemen and Brethren, I know not what you mean; my Man went from me laſt night, and I ſwear by the honour of my Prieſthood, that I have not ſeen him ſince.

Betty. And I'll ſwear by the honour of my Maidenhead, That I ſaw him walking with you in this very Room but juſt now;—— and methoughts too I ſaw him crying.

Cau. A likely thing indeed, that a Man ſhould cry!—I tell you again, that I have not ſeen my Man ſince laſt night.—— Sure they'll believe without ſearching. [*Aſide.*

Betty to *Leu.* I proteſt, Madam, I wonder with what confidence he can affirm this, when I ſaw his Man walking with him juſt now.

Cau. Pray conſider, who is moſt fit to be believed, one of my Sacred Character, or an ignorant Chambermaid that knows no better?

Leu. Sir, I have conſider'd of it, and think the ignorant Chambermaid ought to be believ'd before the learned Prieſt: Nature teaches Truth, when Learning improves a man in all the arts of Falſhood.—Pray let the Room be ſearch'd. [*They look up and down.*

Cau.

Cau. What horrid Barbarity is this? Am I Perſon of ſo little Credit, and with my own Brethern too?—— If you pleaſe, I'll depoſe upon Oath, that I have not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night.

Big. The horror of the Sacrilegious Fact, does ſo ſtupify all my Senſes, that I cannot give ear to the reaſonable Requeſts of my Reverend Brother. We muſt find out the Author of this notorious Impiety, or become Partakers of his Crime.

Subt. I wonder you will not give greater Credit to this Reverend Prieſt, when I can give ſuch an eminent Inſtance of his Truth and Fidelity. He ſwore to me, that he would do me no Injury directly or indirectly, and yet he has done it, and caus'd me to loſe an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per Annum*; look there elſe.——

[*Throws down the Paper*, Cautious *reads it.*

Lew. A notorious Breach!

Cau. Nay, good Lady, be not too raſh in your Cenſures.——I did not break my Promiſe to this Gentleman, as you do vainly imagine, as it will eaſily appear, if you conſider the Words of the Promiſe. For, *Firſt*, I ſwore I would do him no Injury, that is no Injuſtice; [*Injuria eſt quod fit contra jus*] no more I have not.——I have only caus'd him to be juſtly diſinherited for contriving the Death of his Father.

Sir Geo. That's well, and to the purpoſe.——

Cau. So much for the thing.——Now for the Perſon acting. I, it is a Perſon in the Singular Number, as every Boy knows that has learn'd his Accidence.—— So that the promiſe obliges me not to do him an Injury alone in my own Perſon, but it does not hinder me from doing it in the Perſon of his Father.

Big. My Brother diſtinguiſhes well.——It muſt needs be ſo.——

Mack. O! by my Shoul, there is abundance of Learning in that little head of thine.

Cau. Again let us conſider the Perſon ſuffering him.— Man is a compound of Soul and Body. The eſtate is but an Appendix to the Perſon, ſo that the taking away that, is not in the ſtrictneſs and propriety of Speech an Injury to the Man, but ſometimes it is for his greater Advantage.——

Lew. A pretty Evaſion this.——

Big. It is moſt profoundly argu'd.——

Mack. O, by my Shoul! If iſh had not macke play Trowant, iſh might have been as great a Scholar as thiſh Maun.

Subt. Is this all you have to ſay for your ſelf?

Cau. No: I have ſomething to ſay that is more material in my own Vindication.— I promiſed that I would not do him an Injury, directly or indirectly: No more I have not, for I have accompliſh'd my Revenge, partly direct, and partly indirectly, in a middle way between both, and ſo am no ways guilty of the breach of Promiſe.——

Lew. I vow, this is a very pretty way of performing Promiſes; the wrong way.—— You argue very well, and teach us never to believe you, becauſe we never know how to underſtand you. Conſtable do your Office, and break open this Cloſet-door: I wonder it ſhould be ſhut, when I left it open.

Cau. That is a rudeneſs, Lady, that ought not to be permitted in your Houſe. It muſt not be done.

Lew. Then I will have it done for that very reaſon. I love to do things that I ought not.

[*They break open the Door, and pull out* Simper.

Conſt. Look here the Rogue is, this Prieſt is a confounded Lyer.

Mack. O, by my Shoul! Brother you ſhould not make Lie ſo much. I am ſorry for it.

Big. Indeed, I muſt needs ſay, this looks like a Scandal;— yet I will ſtill believe that my Brother ſpeaks the truth, tho no Body can perceive it.

Sir Geo. Pſhaw, pſhaw, a lie is a lie.——I ſay, it is the moſt impudent notorious lie that ever was told.

Lew. I beg your Pardon Uncle.——I no more believe this to be the moſt impudent, than I believe it to be firſt.—— O! this indelible Character is an excellent thing.—— How ſimple ſhould one of us look, if taken in ſo notorious a falſhood: and how well it becomes

becomes him.— Methinks he does it with a great deal of Grace and Ornament.

Cau. Charge me not with a Crime of that horrid Nature. I abhor the very name of Lying.

Sir Geo. And leaſt the thing, doſt thou not? Is not the caſe plain?

Subt. Leave this Diſcourſe, and ſearch for the Chalice.

[*They offer to ſearch.*

Jon. You'll loſe your Pains.— I do confeſs my ſelf a wretched, miſerable Woman deluded by that Man, and ſhut up in the Cloſet by him, to prevent the diſcovery of my Sex. [*Cry's.*

Leu. Ha, ha, ha; a rich Diſcovery.

Subt. Come ſearch no further.—— The Chalice is remov'd by a plot of mine, to make this diſcovery.—— Now, if Father *Cautious*, you have your Revenge, and I mine, I think we may now be Friends.—— This Gentleman ſhall be witneſs to our new Agreement.

Jon. To *Cautious*. No, I will find a place to hide my ſhame; farewell. And if you hear of me again, 'twill be in Vengeance.

[*Exit, hanging down her Head.*

Conſt. Then we are diſcharg'd?

Subt. You are. [*Exeunt Conſt. and Watch.*

Mack. O, by my Shoul, and Shaint *Paurick!* If my Brother *Cautious* was not a very good Cautholick, whaut a ſad Fellow he would be?

Big. Nay, indeed Brother, this ſeems very ſcandalous and prejudicial to the publick Good; and if this Auditory would pleaſe to give me leave, I would make it appear to be ſo in One hundred and ten Particulars.——

Sir Geo. Good Mr. *Biggot* let your Particulars alone.— A lie is a lie.— All the Rhetorick in the World cannot make it a Wind-Mill, or a Hand-Granado ——

Cau. Gentlemen, I do wonder you ſhould charge me with a Crime of that horrid Nature.— I abhor Lying, as much as Covetouſneſs or Murther. I ſaid, indeed, That I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, and there is truth you ſee in that, for the Perſon that you took for my Man, confeſſes her ſelf a Woman.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.——

Cau. Then again, I ſaid, That I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, that is, I had not ſeen him with an Intention to tell you of it; ſo there is no falſhood in theſe words, only I did not expreſs my Mind quite ſo full as I might have done.——

Mack. Well, this *Cautious* is an excellent Scholar. I never ſhould have thought of this.——

Big. Nay, my Brother is right in that.— His only fault was, that he did not expreſs his mind fully.

Cau. Then again,— pray obſerve the words of my Affirmation.— I told you, that I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, and pray, how ſhould I? Can I make a Man? Or can a Man be properly ſaid to be mine? A Servant may be mine, but a Man cannot. And now, pray, reflect how unjuſtly ye have charged me with the Crime of Lying, and repent of it.

Leu. Nay, indeed, Sir *George*, you and your Son are apt to be too Cenſorious: I warrant you are apt to think, that this Gentleman kept a She-bed-fellow out of ſome ill Deſign, whereas they only aim'd at a Spiritual Society, and are as Innocent as the Family of Love.

Sir Geo. I do indeed believe it.

Subt. And I will ſwear it,— provided Mr. *Cautious* will teach me a little of his Art.

Cau. Come, ye are profane Perſons.—— There is nothing got by ſuch Company.

[*Is going away.*

Mack. Ay, they be very dull to think Father *Cautious* would mauke lye.

Big. My Zeal will burſt forth into ſome indecent Expreſſions.—— Let us withdraw.

[*Exeunt three.*

Manent Sir Geo. Subt. Leu. Betty.

Leu. I perceive, dear Uncle, you have been kind to me in prejudice of your Son, whom I beg, now, you would pleaſe to reſtore to your Favour.

Sir Geo. Hold thy Tongue my pritty, witty Neice, or I ſhall ſuſpect that thy honeſty has out-

out, run thy wit. I hate a *Felo de se*, to ſpeak a-gainſt your own Intereſt, is very unnatural, and for the moſt part extreamly impertinent.

Subt. I ſhall not prompt the Lady to it.— The motion does proceed altogether from her ſpontaneous goodneſs.

Leu. It does, and ſhall do ſo: but it muſt be upon condition that you do not only forſake that Gang, but revenge the injury receiv'd, upon the whole Society.

Sir Geo. Gramercy, brave Girl;—now thou ſpeakſt to the purpoſe, and I am inclined to hear thee.

Subt. Madam, let me know your Commands; and if I don't execute them, let me be rid by the Prieſts all day, and the Hag at night, till I look as ſimply as *Cautious* at the diſcovery of his Punk.

Sir Geo. Iſaith, Son, thou art in the right way.— Revenge the injury to ſome purpoſe;— and it will be one ſtep into my favour.

Leu. Look you here are two Letters; one to Mrs. *Counterfeit*, and another to Mr. *Turnabout*.—Follow me, and you ſhall receive further directions.

Subt. With all my heart.

Sir Geo. And mine too.—Now I hope to ſee ſome miſchief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to Politico's *Lodgings.*

Enter Politico *and Lord* Brittan, *talking earneſtly.*

Pol. I wonder your Lordſhip ſhould inſiſt ſo much upon Numbers, as if there were any ſtrength in divided and unarmed Numbers: can uncemented Sand grow into a Wall? or would your Lordſhip fear your Enemy, when you had his Sword in your own hand?

L. *Brit.* Your Reverence miſtakes me— I am as great a ſtranger to fear as your ſelf; but ſtill I do not love to extinguiſh all rational apprehenſions of danger: Divided numbers are not of the ſtrength that united are, where the quantity is equal; but you do not well conclude from thence, That they are of no ſtrength at all: There are Mountains of divided Sand, that can reſiſt the ſtroke of a Cannon, and overwhelm the beſt diſciplin'd Troop in *Europe*: And tho I ſhould not fear a ſingle Enemy, if I had his Sword in my hand; yet I ſhould think my ſelf in an ill condition, if I were aſſaulted by two or three hundred naked men of equal ſtrength and courage with my ſelf.— This is our caſe;—We have 200 to one againſt us, and that ſeems to me to out-ballance all other Advantages.—

Pol. That is becauſe your Lordſhip has not conſidered the Policy of foreign Courts, as I have done. What vaſt numbers do they keep in Slavery, grievous inſupportable Slavery, by little or no force at all!—

L. *Britt.* That is, becauſe the People love to keep themſelves ſo, which our Countreymen do not: Whether they are born Slaves by ſome peculiar Influence of the Heavens, or whether Cuſtom has made that Yoke to be eaſie, or whether that ſervile diſpoſition is deriv'd from Father to Son, by ſome unperceivable manner of Tradition;—the Cauſe is uncertain, but the Effect is plain.— But to think *Engliſh*-men to be eaſily kept in ſubjection, becauſe foreigners can, is as good Logick, as to conclude a Lion dares not fight, becauſe a Sheep is a timorous Creature.

Pol. I perceive your Lordſhip is not skill'd in the Politicks; I can give you ſeveral reaſons why there is no danger in the dreaded number of the Hereticks: For firſt, they want an Head; and what, alas! is Body without an Head? There's one for you.

L. *Britt.* Your Argument is Metaphorical, but not concluſive.—It is true, theſe popular Inſurrections that are rais'd by the Power or Intereſt of one particular Man, are ſoon quell'd, when the Head is once remov'd; for the Cauſe taken away, the Effect ceaſes. But where the cauſe of diſcontent is general, an Head is never wanting, for many hands make light work.

Pol. Then again'—The Hereticks want Councel and Conduct: Alas! all their Great Men are bred in the *Engliſh* Court, and know nothing of the *French* and *Italian* Fineſſes: There are no men in the world, excepting thoſe of my Order, that underſtand the true Methods and Principles of

Government. Alas! your *Engliſh* Lords are troubled with ſcruples of Conſcience, and pretend to tenderneſs and good nature, and think themſelves always oblig'd to ſtick to the immutable Rules of Honour; and talk of Juſt and Unjuſt, and I know not what whimſeys: They don't conſider, that it is impoſſible for a States-man to accompliſh any great Deſigns, that boggles at any ſort of means that are conducing to his End, tho never ſo unjuſt and cruel. —

L. *Britt.* I wiſh you do not find thoſe Lords, which you ſo much deſpiſe, to be Maſters of more Policy than is conſiſtent with the good of the Catholick Cauſe.

Pol. Pſhaw! Pſhaw! never fear it. —When all's done, we have an Army to defend us.

L. *Britt.* An Army ſympathizes with the major part of the Nation out of which they are taken; and what raiſes Jealouſies in the One, is ſure to raiſe Diſcontents in the Other. — Heaven ſend we may never ſtand in need of that.

Pol. Pſhaw! pſhaw! your Lordſhip is too timorous.

L. *Britt. angry.* No man, but what's defended by a Gown, dares tell me ſo. —— Once more, farewell. And when you ſee all *England* in a flame, your ſelves purſued to the water-ſide, and offering all your Treaſure for a Boat; when Catholicks are driven from their Houſes, and made the Object of a publick ſcorn, remember then I had no hand in this.

Pol. And when you ſee the Triumphs of our Cauſe, all bending low unto the See of *Rome*, the Hereticks or forced to comply, or roving up and down the world for Bread, but finding none: when this you live to ſee, remember well that mine is the contrivance; 'tis I propos'd the End, and found the Means; fhap'd the Tools, and perfected the Work; and mine's the Honour. ——

L. *Britt.* May it be ſo. —— I leave the Honour and the Danger unto you. — Farewell, I've done my beſt. [*Exit.*

Pol. Well, this Lord is honeſt, but Maſter of extreme wrong Notions in Policy, as if he had been bred under ſome Calviniſtical Pedant, that never read *Machivel*. — But I muſt now lay aſide thoughts of State-affairs, and mind the grand Concerns of ſofter Love. *Leucaſia*'s eyes have ſhot a fire into my breaſt, which nothing but her ſelf can extinguiſh: If I can enjoy her in the perſon of a diſcarded Officer, I ſhall look upon it as my greateſt thefts. — For as there is greater art in making a Chain for a Flea, than an Elephant, ſo there is ſomething more skill in ſubduing the heart of a Woman, than in ſubverting a Kingdom.

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit.

O Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you're welcome, moſt heartily welcome. —— What news?

Count. O, the moſt obliging News in the World. — *Leucaſia* is yours, your Plots take to admiration. — I vow you don't act fairly, to outwit a Woman in her own Profeſſion. — Read this. [*Gives him a Letter, he reads.*

The account you give of that Noble Perſon, and his ſuffering in ſo good a Cauſe, will not permit me to be cruel. — I honour ſuch Noble Patriots; and if it is his deſire to make known to me any part of his grievances, he ſhall find an honourable and kind reception from

Yours, Leucaſia.

Pol. Why, look you, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, did not I tell you that nothing could reſiſt my Policy? Here's a Lady that hates our Religion, and in particular my Order and Perſon: Now who but my ſelf could extract good out of ſo much evil, and make her averſion a ſtep to enjoy her?

Count. If you are as quick in Execution, as fine in Projection, that will ſoon be done. Or if you ſhould be put to the trouble to raviſh, or ſo, if opportunity favours, your diſguiſe is your ſecurity.

Pol. There thou hitt'ſt the Nail on the head: my diſguiſe is ready, you ſhall go in and ſee it fitted.

Count. I wait your Commands; but you muſt go incognito, without any Equipage. —

Pol. Pray, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, leave the contriving part to me, I think I am Maſter of that.

Count. And you muſt be ſure to aggravate the Ingratitude of Prieſts and Jeſuits.

Pol.

Pol. What, still moving beyond your station? must the Spring rise higher than the Fountain-head? have you not learn'd all this from me? and do you pretend to teach?

Cunn. No, indeed, I have not learn'd all from you; my Mother, and my good Grandmother, and my Aunt, and my great Aunt, taught me a great deal, and I have had 50 years experience; so that you might trust a little to my Judgment.

Pol. Then you will pretend to direct me?

Cunn. No, an't please your Reverence, I will not pretend to that: You do excel me and all mankind in the mysterious arts of Love; I must most humbly acknowledge it to be so.

Pol. Then follow me; and remember the contriving part is mine; the executive we must share between us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Leucasia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Leucasia *and* Turnabout.

Leu. You see how far I have condescended to cure your capricious humour; tho I must confess your carriage to me, and your hair-brain'd Jealousie, does deserve my scorn, or rather is below it.——

Turn. I confess my error, and am ready to redeem your lost favour with my Sword. What is it you will command?

Leu. A certain pretended Lord is pleas'd to think me a very fit person to be his Whore. Now what would you do in vindication of my Honour?

Turn. Oh very little.—— Perhaps I might only cut his Throat, or whip him through the Lungs, or some such trifle:—— Neither more nor less.——

Leu. No, that's too much.—But I suppose that if he should refuse to draw, you would grudge him the pains to kick him, or assist my Servants in tossing him in a Blanket.——

Turn. No, by heavens I would not. Good Madam, tell me, When, where, and how I shall serve you, you shall see with what zeal I'll do it.

Leu. You must retire immediately into this Closet, and not stir till the Signal be given. This is the least Penance I can impose for your Jealousie, and other high misdemeanors; and I suppose herein I am not so rigid as the Fathers.

Turn. Ey hi Fy! Good Madam, tell me no more of the Fathers, they are meer Babies and Children: I care no more for the Fathers, than I do for the *Indian Bramines*, or *Turkish Muftis*, unless it be for my own ends; for tho that Beldame *Counterfeit* was pleas'd to give your Ladiship an account that they intended to fool me, yet I can assure you I find as great encouragement as any New Convert of 'em all.

Leu. I will tell thy true Character: Thy Love makes thee greedy of Estate and Honour, and the greediness of Estate and Honour make thee love so much the more eagerly; now to cure this vicious circulation of humours, I will first make thee weary of poaching after the Fathers, by rendring thee odious to them; and then, as for Love, you know the last remedy for that.

Turn. Phu! phu! *Politico* is so much my Friend, thou canst never render me odious to him.

Leu. Yes, I will, in the space of half an hour.

Turn. 'Tis not an Age and a half can do it. Will you venture your Maidenhead upon that Bett?

Leu. Yes, I wou'd, if you had one to stake against it.

Turn. Prethee what dost talk of one, I have had an hundred in my time.

Leu. Ay, but they are now all vanish'd, and become as invisible as your 20 Mannors.

Turn. That's true indeed. But to be serious; if you have a mind to convert me, you may find a nearer way; it is but taking me to your self for ever, and then I will soon bid adieu to all the Gang of pedantical Fathers.

Leu. But my resolution is to make thee weary of that Society, without making use of that dangerous Matrimonial Remedy. And if I do it not, then say my wit has tail'd me.

Turn. And if you do redeem me from that Gang without paying your self for my Ransom, then say that I am not Master of Wit, Resolution, Common Sense, or Reason.

Leu. Agreed.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, here's a Perſon of Quality at the door in a Coach.

Lew. That's the man, bid him come up.— Now, Mr. *Turnabout*, if you mean ever to purchaſe my Love by uſing him very ſcurvily, retire into the next Room, and ſtir not unleſs he offer force, or I give the ſignal.

Turn. Let me alone for that.

[*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Lew. Now this fool *Politico* will think that I don't know him in his diſguiſe; but heaven be prais'd I am ready for his reception.

Enter Politico *in a very rich Commander's Habit.*

Pol. Madam, I'm come to throw my ſelf at your feet for pardon. —— I preſume Mrs. *Counterfeit* has acquainted you with my Perſon and Character.

Lew. My Lord, if your intentions are not criminal, it is ſuperfluous to ask a Pardon. Beſides, the Character I received of your Perſon, and the account of your Sufferings in ſo good a Cauſe, place you above all formalities of that nature. I have rather reaſon to admire at your Lordſhip's condeſcenſion to one ſo much your Inferior in Quality and Honour.

Pol. I muſt confeſs, none ever ſerved the Proteſtant Cauſe with greater Zeal and Integrity; and this drew upon me the envy of *Politico*, *Bigot*, and others, which occaſion'd my removal from Court; but ſtill my very Ruins are above the pity of the very beſt of them, and it lies in your Ladiſhips Power to build up the higheſt degree of human felicity.

Lew. My Lord, I can never enough reflect upon the baſeneſs and ingratitude of thoſe Prieſts towards your Lordſhip and other worthy Patriots: but I am fill'd with horror and amazement, that a Perſon of your Worth, Courage, Conduct and Fidelity, ſhould be undermin'd by ſuch a raskally Crew of fantaſtical Prieſts as *Politico*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and *Mackdonnel*! a Gang of whimſical, nonſenſical Blockheads, that look as odly in the Court, as a Skull in the Preſence-Chamber; whoſe whole skill lies in Books, and that too no farther than Title-pages; and perhaps, if ſome ſpecial Roguery does require it, they may proceed to the Index, and ſo begin that, as they do all other things, at the wroog end. And ——

Pol. Nay, good Lady, proceed no farther; I forgive my Enemies; and you know my buſineſs here is Love, and not Revenge.—— Now muſt I hear my ſelf rail'd at, and ſay nothing. [*Aſide.*

Lew. My Lord, I cannot but admire your Generoſity in forgiving your Enemies; but I will take the liberty to tell you, that They, and eſpecially *Politico*, are of all things my averſion.

Pol. But yet, I hope, you will grant that *Politico* is the very beſt, the top and flower of them all.

Lew. I vow, my Lord, I am of a quite contrary Opinion; for firſt, as to his perſon ——

Pol. Nay, good Lady, let his Perſon alone, it will never hurt you.

Lew. I will aſſure you, the remembrance of his Perſon does hurt me this very moment, it was ſuch a filthy ſpectacle, [*Spits.*] —— His Meen and Air ſo affectedly odd and boyiſh; his Eyes Luſtful, and, if I may ſay it, Goatiſh; his Hands clumſie; his Head lumpiſh; nothing good but his Voice, which did a little reſemble with your Lordſhips, and make an attonement for his other Enormities. —— Sure this will ſting him. [*Aſide.*

Pol. Come, Madam, be not ſo Satyrical upon the famous *Politico*, tho my Enemy: the Habit of an Order does oftentimes diſfigure a moſt excellent Shape and Meen: but be that what it will, you muſt needs grant *Politico* to be the greateſt States-man in the World, and a man of the fineſt Contrivance in *Europe*. —— All his Enemies confeſs him to be a wiſe man.

Lew. I know he eſteems himſelf ſo, but the world has a different Opinion of him. Would a wiſe man throw off ſuch a worthy gallant Gentleman as your ſelf, that are ſteddy by a Principle of Duty, to make room for mercenary Slaves, that know no higher Equity than Intereſt? Would a wiſe man encourage Lying, Diſſimulation and Hypo-

criſie

crify in others, when he knows not how ſoon they may make uſe of the ſame Arts to his own Diſtruction? Would a wiſe Man puniſh or deride others for their Conſtancy, Loyalty, and Fidelity, to ſecure a Government which needs muſt periſh without them? Do you think, I ſay, my Lord, all this to be the part of a wiſe Man?

Pol. Good Lady talk no more of *Politico*, my buſineſs is Love.

Len. And how can I more effectually expreſs my Love to your Perſon and Merits, than by railing at thoſe Enemies of yours, that have caſt ſuch a Cloud upon them? Good, my Lord, join with me in a few innocent Curſes againſt Father *Politico*, and all his Gang, that have done you this inſupportable Injury.——

Pol. Pray, Madam, excuſe me from Curſing; I came hither for the bleſſing of your Love, and muſt my ſelf be curs'd without it.

Len. No excuſes, my Lord, it will leſſen the Opinion I have of the greatneſs of your Spirit. Come, you ſhall invent ſome new Curſes with me.

Pol. My mind now is ſo full of Love, that I can invent nothing that has the leaſt reliſh of hatred. Dear Madam, excuſe me.

Len. Then, if you will not invent, you ſhall leave that to me, and only conclude with an hearty *Amen*.

Pol. I wonder that your Ladiſhip will offer to impoſe upon me the Office of a Pariſh-Clerk. How ſhall I be able to give a tuneable Accent to *Amen*?

Len. Your Lordſhip is modeſt.——I know you have an excellent Baſe, and can't chuſe but do it very well.

Pol. What an unconſcionable Woman is this, to expect that I ſhould curſe my ſelf, and my Brethren. [*Aſide.*

Len. I'll ſhew you the way; a little curſing will make you reliſh the ſweetneſs of Love the better.--May they be always contriving, and never bring any thing to effect. May they employ none but Knaves and Fools, and may thoſe at laſt deceive them; may they heap up vaſt Treaſures, and Porters enjoy them; may they fall into an immoderate love of themſelves, and into hatred of all Mankind beſides, and if ever any of them have a Miſtriſs, may ſhe be Beautiful, Rich, Virtuous, and Heretical, and that will be plague enough.—— Good my Lord ſay, *Amen*.

Pol. Indeed, Madam, I have a Cold, I can't do it with a Grace.

Len. 'Tis no matter for Grace, do but ſpeak it heartily.

Pol. Amen. [*Very faintly.*

Len. May all their Plots be too improbable to take effect, and not improbable enough to pleaſe as a Fiction in a Romance or Novel. But may they have the happineſs to partake of that vicious Mediocrity, which is good for juſt nothing.— You muſt ſay, *Amen*.

Pol. Amen. [*Faintly.*

Len. Well, I perceive your ſuperabounding Goodneſs, does make you pronounce *Amen* very faintly.—— I will therefore deſiſt from Curſing; and I have Ten thouſand more to utter, and none of them undeſerv'd.

Pol. A pox of this Amour, I am weary of it. [*Aſide.*]——Madam, if you would curſe my Enemies, the beſt way is to make me happy with your Love.— It will burſt their hearts with envy.

Len. If I had any happineſs to confer, your requeſt would be reaſonable; but I fear you are come out of one misfortune, with intention to fall into a greater. Matrimony, if that be your deſign, cures no Diſtempers of the Mind, but by inflicting greater. It is a corroſive, that may deaden the Fleſh in order to Amputation, but it ſeldom effects a Cure that is better than the Diſeaſe.

Pol. Tho Matrimony cannot, there is ſomething in your Ladiſhips power that can. Madam, I am a Soldier, and you know Men of our Profeſſion flie more directly to enjoyment than others do, over all thoſe Forms and Obſtacles invented by Fools and *Platonick* Lovers.

Len. Then I perceive at length your Lordſhips meaning; you came hither inſtead of telling your Sufferings, with a deſign to Whore me.—— Pray, my Lord, ſpeak plainly, did you come hither with a deſign to Whore me? [*Aſide.*

Pol.

Pol. Madam, you present the most pleasant thing in the World, in the most hideous Dress. Give it a softer Name, and the business is half done.

Len. Whilst I thought you Virtuous, and a Sufferer for your Countries Honour, I must confess, I had a profound respect for your Person; but now——

Pol. Ay, now you may boast, that you have conquered him whom Sovereign Princes could not.

Len. When Lust has turn'd a Man into a Beast, there can be no great triumph in such a Conquest.—— Mrs. *Counterfeit*, is as much mistaken in her little Policies, as Father *Politico* in his great ones.

Pol. These strugglings of Modesty, choak all true Pleasure in the Birth; It is more generous to yield without previous Hypocrisy.

Len. I am not us'd to Discourses of this nature; adieu. [*She's going.*

Pol. Nay, Madam, we must not part so. [*Steps to the Door, and locks it.*

Len. Then you intend Violence.

Pol. Ay, but the most ravishing,—that ever was experienc'd by Woman.

Len. Sure you will not put me to the trouble to call my Servants to my aid.

Pol. It is in vain, they are as secure as your self.

Len. Sure you are not so much a Villain!

Pol. If I am not, you need not fear me. The next Room, Madam, is a more pleasant scene for Love.

Len. Sure *Turnabout* will not fail me now,——if he does I'm undone—(*aside*—) She knocks.

Pol. 'Tis all in vain.

[*He offers to carry her out.*

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. What means this noise? Villain unhand the Lady. [*Unhands her.*

Pol. What, my Rival *Turnabout!*—— I'm undone. [*Aside.*

Turn. How dare you offer violence to a Lady in her own Lodgings? [*Exit* Leucasia.

Pol. You call that Violence which was only a little innocent freedom. [Turnabout *draws.*

Turn. You seem to be a Man of Quality, and a Soldier, you have begun an Injury like a Villain, and must defend it like a Man.—Draw.

Pol. What shall I do now? I know no more how to Fight than a Girl of Fifteen, that is only skilled in the innocent use of her Nails. [*Aside.*

Turn. Come, Sir, stand not amaz'd, Draw, or you're a Dead Man.

Pol. I am not afraid to Draw, nor unable to chastise your sawcy intrusion—But I hope you will not force me to that rudeness in a Ladies Apartment, whose Honour you pretend to maintain.

Turn. You were not afraid of a greater rudeness than this, and therefore have no reason to scruple a less.—Sir, I say—Draw.

Pol. All the words in the World shall not make me transgress the Rules of Decency and Order.——

Turn. Then shall this do it; (*Kicks him.*) Or this, (*again.*)

Pol. No, Sir, I have more breeding than to incur an absurdity of so high a nature,—But you shall repent of this; *Politico* is my Friend,——you know his Power.

Turn. Damn *Politico*—— Do you wear a Sword, and shelter your self under the Protection of a whimsical Gownman?—Draw, or I have another expedient for you.

Pol. If I Draw, I am certainly kill'd, and Ten thousand of the best Plots in the World are most certainly spoil'd.—I must owe protection to *Non-resistance*, and *Passive-obedience*. [*Aside.*

I will not Draw—for I said I would not.

Turn. Then I'le try another experiment on you: I have an Engine shall toss you higher than a flying Chariot in *Bartholomew-Fair.* [*Knocks.*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Your pleasure, Sir?

Turn. Four of you bring in a Blanket with all Expedition.

Pol. Well, *Politico* will revenge this injury.

Turn. I tell thee again, *Politico*'s an Ass and a Fool; I my self have made him a Fool this two months.

Enter

Enter Footmen with a Blanket.

Turn. Bravely done my Lads—Let's carry that Raſcal into the Hall, and mount him.

[*They lay Hands on him.*

Pol. to *Turn.* Do you know who I am? Have a care what you do.

Turn. I know thee to be a Coward; I believe thou art a Villain; and I vilely ſuſpect thou haſt ſomething in thee of the Fool, and that's enough for my purpoſe. (*To Foot.*) Carry him away.

Pol. You will repent of it—Oh! Murther, Murther. [*They carry him off by Force.*

Enter Leucaſia, Betty, *Sir* Geo. Bigot, Cautious *and* Mackdonnel.

Leu. Gentlemen, I ſent for you hither, to make known the ſhame of the ſham'd *Politico*, who came hither in diſguiſe to rob me of my Honour; and I hope I have given you ſuch ocular demonſtration, as has left no room for doubt.

Sir *Geo.* Thou art a brave Girl, I faith, I love revenge and miſchief when it is to the purpoſe.

Mack. Yeſh by my ſhoul, and I do love miſchief wid all my heart, when dere is no hearme in it.

Big. It cannot be that *Politico* ſhould be guilty of ſuch a crime, who has labour'd ſo abundantly in the propagation of the Catholick Cauſe; It muſt be the deluſion of ſome evil ſpirit, that has put on the ſhape and habit of *Politico*, to bring this diſgrace on our Cauſe and Order: Let me come near him with my Exorciſms, and I will make him confeſs as much.—

Leu. If he ſhould confeſs himſelf a Devil, he would confeſs the truth.—

Sir *Geo.* Superſtition is incurable; and blind Zeal does ſeldom recover its ſight:—Has not my Neece ſhewed you the Jewels ſent by his own Hand?

Cau. A good Man may ſometimes be taken in a fault; but to be ſo very prodigal, as to give away Jewels of that value, is a wickedneſs that I think to be unpardonable.—

Big. Come Brother, let's go and comfort *Politico* under this diſgrace.

Cau. Ay, that's better than to ſtay here, to become ſpectators of our own—Beſides I've Money to receive.

Big. Farewell, and remember none ever provok'd our Order unreveng'd.

Cau. And don't think the World will believe this ſcandal; for we will ſwear it is falſe.

Mack. Yeſh, it iſh falſh, very falſh.

Leu. What is falſe?

Mack. What is falſh,—by my ſhoul I've forgat vat iſh dat vas falſh; but I'm ſure it vas ſometing.

Leu. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cau. Come let's repair to *Politico*, it is vain to ſtay here. [*Exeunt Three Prieſts.*

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Now, Madam, I hope my buſineſs is quite done, I've gain'd my own ends by *Politico*, who ſeems to be all melted into Love with my charming converſation; and I've helped your Ladiſhip in diſtreſs, which gives me ſome pretenſions unto your favour.

Leu. It is natural for Men to err, and I perceive you are not altogether free from that human frailty; you build much upon your friendſhip with *Politico*, which is now at an end; you muſt expect nothing from him but Revenge and Malice; for he is the very perſon in diſguiſe, whom you have ſo plentifully kick'd and toſs'd in a Blanket.

Turn. A Pox on't, 'tis impoſſible!

Sir *Geo.* Good Mr. *Turnabout*, ſpeak not impertinently, I do know it is ſo.

Turn. 'Ounds this is a Trick I never thought on.

Leu. Since you doubt, follow me, and I'le ſoon convince you.

Turn. I'le wait on you—but I am all amazement. [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Geo.* And I will go and try one Plot, as old as I am. Here *Jack*, [*Knocks.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?

Sir *Geo.* Go immediately to *Kenſington*, and turn my Horſe looſe with Bridle and Saddle, raiſe a report that I am miſſing, and, as you believe, Murthered; and to be ſure, you Dog, be ſecret: Or——

Serv. Lord, Sir, How ſhall I tell ſuch a Lie! I never told a Lie in my Life, an't pleaſe your Honour. Sir

Sir *Geo.* You Dog, you can tell nothing elſe, Do it, or I'll cut your Throat.

Serv. Since your Honour will have it ſo, I'll try. [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* By this device I hope to underſtand how far my Son is infected with Jeſuitical Principles——For if he is far gone, I ſhall diſcard him for ever.

Youth quickly learns the Vices of the Town,
Swiftly they come and ſwiftly paſs away;
But crimes infus'd by the more ſober Gown,
Are much more black, and make a longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

The Scene changes to Politico's *Lodgings.*

Enter Politico, Bigot, Cautious, Mackdonnel.

Pol. ARe ye ſure then *Leucaſia* knew me?

Big. She call'd us to be ſpectators of your ſhame.

Pol. Was ever man thus baffled in Amour, by the ſole malignity of Fortune?—for you muſt needs grant that the Plot was well laid.

Big. Be not dejected, this Blanketting is a lively repreſentation of Great mens Fortunes, ſometimes up and ſometimes down; There is never any great Exaltation, but there is danger of a ſudden Depreſſion; this you knew before to be true by Speculation, and now receive a confirmation from palpable Experience.

Cau. Ay, but to be kick'd up and down like a Football, that was rude.

Big. The Poets and Philoſophers compare the Life of Man to a Game at Tennis, The World is the Tennis-court, and men are the Balls which the Fates toſs up and down with Rackets: But great men, like great Footballs, are kicked up and down with greater violence. The ſtock was rude, but the emb'em is good and uſeful.

Pol. Alas, I don't value a little Blanketing, or Kicking; But to have a Plot diſappointed——that grieves me.

Mack. By my ſhoul, my dear Joy, de diſhappointment iſh not ſo great; for tho thow didſt not get into the Lady's Bed, thou didſt get poſſeſſion of the Blanket, and that is ſomething. Ha, ha.——

Pol. And do you think that *Turnabout* knew me?

Cau. Not then,——but now I preſume he does.

Pol. Then will I be reveng'd on him.

Big. But how?

Pol. By giving him good words, raiſing his hopes, making him ſpend the remainder of his ſmall fortune in expectation of great things; and then doing for him juſt nothing at all.——And then for *Leucaſia.*——

Big. Ay, prethee what canſt contrive againſt that peſtilent Heretick.

Pol. I have one of the fineſt Plots in the World, if thou wilt but aſſiſt me.

Big. To be reveng'd on *Leucaſia*, is to do good to the publick; and I will refuſe no labour to accompliſh that.

Pol. Then this it is,——You hear the Rabble are in ſome violent commotions againſt the Men of our Perſuaſion and Order?

Cau. So great, that I have hid all my Trunks in your dark Cellar.

Pol. You, *Bigot*, ſhall put on a Porters Frock, and excite them to all manner of Indignities.——

Big. Againſt whom?

Pol. Againſt all *Romaniſts*, and eſpecially, againſt my ſelf.

Big. And what then?

Pol. Why, I will repair, under pretence of ſhelter, to *Leucaſia's* Lodgings——And there will ſcatter Books and Pictures that are peculiar to our way; then you ſhall bring down the Rabble to ſearch for me, preciſely at Nine of the Clock; I will be gone before that time, and ſo you with your wonted Eloquence, ſhall make the whole ſtorm light upon *Leucaſia.*

Big. Brother, you muſt excuſe me, it is not for the good of the Cauſe.

Pol. Brother, you are miſtaken; I can demonſtrate it to be the ſureſt and ſecureſt way to promote it.

Big. You are the Oracle of Policy, I will go about it preſently: But let your Servant help me to a diſguiſe. *Pol.*

Pol. 'Tis ready for you.

Big. Adieu. [*Exiturus Manet.*

Enter Sir George Subtleman *in the Habit of an Hermit, with a Beard down to his Waſte, followed by an* Indian *Boy.*

Mack. Hey day! By my ſhoul here iſh Shaint *Pautrick* come to ſhee us.

Sir *Geo.* *Salvete fratres venerandi*, Pray which of you bears the venerable name of *Politico?*

Big. *Tu quoque ſalvus ſis venerande Pater*, This is the Gentleman.

Sir *Geo.* Is this the famous *Politico*, whoſe Fame is ſpread through all the habitable part of the World!—Is this the Wiſe, the Learned, the Divine *Politico!*

Pol. I am that *Politico* of whom the World is pleaſed undeſervedly to ſpeak very great things, and far above my merits. A little feigned modeſty does well. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Then bleſſed are theſe eyes that ſee the Man. And bleſt theſe ears of mine that hear him ſpeak. And bleſt theſe Legs and Feet that brought me hither. My Vow is now perform'd, I'll ſhave my Beard, and live at reſt: But firſt, I muſt have leave to kiſs the Hem of your Garment. [*Kneeling.*

Pol. By no means——That's too much!

Sir *Geo.* Hinder me not (*Kiſſes his Coat.*) Bleſs me, what Virtue flows into my Body and mind from hence! Well, now I am happy. [*Weeps for joy.*

Cau. This old fellow is ſo very condeſcending, that I fear he comes a begging.

Pol. Pray reverend Father tell us the reaſon of your tranſport, and whence you come.

Sir *Geo.* Theſe Fourſcore years *America* has been my conſtant place of Prayers and Reſidence; And had been ſo till now, but that the fame of your great deeds has drawn me from my ſo far diſtant Cell, to ſee a perſon that the World adores.

Pol. I perceive by this, that I am very famous in *America*.

Cau. If you come from *America*, Father, I preſume you bring good ſtore of Gold.

Sir *Geo.* Gold I deſpiſe; I came to learn and ſee the Wiſdom of this Man.

Pol. But how came you to hear ſo much of my fame in *America*?

Sir *Geo.* How ſhould I hear that the Sun ſhines, or that the Stars bedeck the Canopy of Heaven?--You are known as much as they, and equally admired.

Pol. That's much at ſo great a diſtance!--

Sir *Geo.* What is more ſwift than Fame? There's not a Nurſe, but prays her tender off-ſpring may attain the Wiſdom of *Politico*--Not a Father that gives his bleſſing, but uſes this, Love——May thine be great as *Politico*'s.

Pol. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange!

Sir *Geo.* They build Churches to your Name, and have an Holyday, that they honour your Wiſdom with, and is call'd, *O Sapientia.*

Pol. All this may be true; But yet to prevent all ſcruples, I deſire you to ſhew ſome Letters Teſtimonial from the Provincial of our Order there, or other perſons.

Sir *Geo.* Am I ſuſpected then?

Big. Be not angry, Reverend Sir, you are not ſuſpected; but his Reverence muſt keep cloſe to his Rule, not to admit Strangers without Letters Teſtimonial.

Sir *Geo.* How ſhould I have Letters Teſtimonial, that have liv'd in an uninhabitable Iſland near the Southern Pole, an Hermetical Life theſe ſixty years.

Pol. But then how did you hear of my fame? There I nick'd the Old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* We Hermits know all that is done, by Revelation, as well as if we ſaw it with our eyes; How elſe could we endure ſo many years of tedious ſolitude.

Big. Nay, Brother, it is certain he might know it by Revelation.

Pol. Not improbable, being ſo good a Man.

Sir *Geo.* I have not ſeen the face of Man or Beaſt theſe Fourſcore years:—Yet I can tell ſome ſecrets of your Life,—— [*Whiſpers Pol.* Is not that true?

Pol. Moſt certainly true:——Thou art a Divine Perſon.

Mack. And when you liv'd alone ſo long in *America*, Good my Dear Joy, tell me what Company did you uſe to keep?

Sir *Geo.* My Dog, my Cat, and ſometimes for diverſions ſake, a Monkey.

Mack. And did not you go ſometimes

to ſmoak a Pipe at your Neighbours?

Sir *Geo.* How could I, when I had none there?

Mack. By my ſhoul, my Dear Joy, I did quite make forget that.

Pol. How long is it ſince you took this Vow to Viſit me?

Sir *Geo.* About Fifty years.

Pol. That is ſtrange, I am but 40 years old.

Sir *Geo.* A Pox on his gravity, it made me miſtake his Age. (*To Pol.*) O Sir, I knew how Great you would be, long before your Conception.

Big. By ſpecial Revelation?

Sir *Geo.* Yes, by ſpecial Revelation.

Cau. I'll be Hang'd if this Fellow does not come to Beg, to Cheat, or Steal. [*Aſide.*

Pol. Well, it is joyful news to me, that my poor endeavours do meet with that encouragement in the remoter parts of the World: for let me die, if ſome are not ſo brutiſh here, as to cenſure me for an Hairbrain'd, Imprudent Stateſman.———

Sir *Geo.* They are more ſtupid than the meaneſt Animals in our Parts; for the very Parrots are taught to ſay, Wiſe *Pol*, Prudent *Pol*, A Cup of Sack for *Pol*.

Pol. It is the nature of the *Engliſh* to deſpiſe all Political Wiſdom, becauſe it is a Foreign Commodity: But I perceive the *Americans* have better Judgment.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! abundantly.

Pol. Have you other buſineſs?

Sir *Geo.* What greater buſineſs than to ſee your Wiſdom?

Pol. Since that's your end, I'll make you ſenſible Fame's no Liar.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, I have one requeſt more, which I hope to obtain by the interceſſion of theſe worthy Gentlemen.

Big. Give it a Name, and you ſhall ſee our readineſs.

Sir *Geo.* The Inhabitants of thoſe Parts, as I partly underſtand it by Revelation, and partly was told in the Ship, are troubled with a Giddineſs in the Head, and other Diſtempers of the Brain, from which they think they can never be delivered, but by the Application of ſomething taken from your body; which I therefore humbly beg you would beſtow upon me, for it will be extreamly reverenced in thoſe Parts.

Big. A moſt Pious requeſt; It muſt not be denied.

Cau. aſide to Bigot, I told you this Fellow came to beg.

Pol. What is it they would have?

Sir *Geo.* A Glove, a Nightcap, or a pair of Shooes.

Pol. My Man ſhall deliver you the beſt pair I have.

Sir *Geo.* No: I had rather have a pair your Reverence had worn longeſt; there is likely to be moſt Virtue in them.

Pol. I don't believe it can do them any good; but yet the Vulgar are to be indulg'd and gratified in ſuch deſigns, right or wrong. [*Aſide.* You ſhall have what ever you will of that nature.

Sir *Geo.* Then be pleaſed to Honour your Humble Servant with an old Handkerchief; for the people of thoſe parts have a great Veneration for all Effluviums of your Brain.

Mack. By my ſhoul, my Dear Joy, I have two or three pair of old Shooes, if they will do thy Countrymen any good, they ſhall have them with all my heart.

Pol. But firſt let's know your Name?

Sir *Geo.* I was born in *England* of the Family of the *Subtlemans*; but when I took upon me the Hermetical Life, I chang'd my Name to *Sancto Hermolto de Fulgoſo, alias, The Simple Hermit.*

Big. Why the *Simple Hermit*?

Sir *Geo.* I was proud of that Name, becauſe it ſhew'd my Humility.

Pol. Then you were proud of being humble.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, I was very proud of being ſo very humble.———

Pol. Mr. *Bigot*, you know your buſineſs, I will give Orders for the entertainment of this Hermit, and then repair to *Lenoſia's* Lodgings.

Big. I know it, and will execute your Orders with all imaginable diligence and fidelity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Leucasia *and* Betty.

Leu. What dost thou say, Is Sir *George* Murther'd.

Betty. So it is conjectur'd; and his Man does confidently reports it.

Leu. It cannot be,—they dare not be such Villains.

Betty. It seems they dare; the thing is done, and thought to be contriv'd by Father *Politico.*

Leu. A Man might as well expect to see a Mine above Ground, as a deep Plot come from the shallow Head of *Politico*; If he is Author of this barbarous Murther, I dare pawn my reputation, I discover it in less than half an hours Conversation.

Betty. But you hazard your person, in trusting your self in the House with one who would have us'd you so ill.

Leu. I hope to find an opportunity to use him worse: Do you observe your cue, and leave the rest to me.

(*They are going out, but met by* Turnabout.)

Turn. I'gad Madam, you are very happily met; Did you appoint me this place, or did I appoint you?

Leu. If it had been by your appointment, I should not have been here; but if it had been by mine, it had been likely to succeed better: If you fancy any happiness to your self in this Meeting, it must be ascribed to chance, and not to conduct.

Turn. I am like a good Gamester that throw'd well so often, that the ignorant think he has a great deal of good luck, when it really is a great deal of good skill. I am verily persuaded that either you or I did contrive this, tho I don't know when or where.

Leu. I have one reason to make me think it is yours, because it is to no purpose.

Turn. If it is to no purpose, it is you, Lady, that make it so: I am ready on my part to make it effectual to all intents and purposes whatever.

Leu. If I make it so, I will withdraw, and leave you to your self.

Turn. If you withdraw, you spoil all, I can do nothing without your assistance.

Leu. Suppose I should give you my assistance, what then?

Turn. Then I would renounce the Devil and all his works, send for a Parson, and Marry you immediately.

Leu. That is as much as to say, That if the work were done to your hands, you would do it with a great deal of ease;—— But I am not for that lazy way,—you must give me some proof of your diligence.

Turn. Diligence before Matrimony, is like a rich Feast before an Appetite, it may be good, but not seasonable: To weary me out with Diligence now, is like riding an Horse to death before he begins his Journey.

Leu. And how should I know that an Horse can perform his Journey, unless I try him first?

Turn. Yes, Madam, you may try me first if you please.

Leu. I have tried you, and find you like the rest of your Sex, great in promises, and little in performance: Did not you promise to compleat a revenge upon *Politico?*

Turn. Look you, Madam, I love mischief, but I hate to do it *gratis*; upon assurance of your love, I will not only sacrifice that Calf to your incensed Anger; but *Mackdonnel* himself, with an whole Hecatomb of *Irish* Gulls and Blunders.

Leu. I came hither to learn some intelligence of Sir *George Subtleman*'s Death; Will you perform that Office for me, and discover the Author of that Villany?

Turn. Hang Villany, Death and Murther, It is your Eyes that have Murthered me, and I am glad that I have the opportunity to discover that: What do I care for the death of an Old Man, that made no conscience of living Eighty years? propound any other task, and I'll perform it, tho' difficult enough to puzzle the Devil.

Leu. Then bring me a Writing subscrib'd with *Politico*'s own hand, wherein he shall acknowledge himself to be no Politician, but a Pedant, a Sot, and an Ass; and in requital, you shall have of me whatever you will please to ask.

Turn. How! make *Politico* confess that!

Leu. Yes, make *Politico* confeſs that, or ne're ſee my face more. I find *Politico* is lazy.—I'll to my Coach. [*Is going.*

Turn. Nay, Madam, now you cannot ſtir from this houſe; it is beſet by an unruly Rabble; you muſt endure the fortune of the Siege.

Leu. Heavens defend us! what ſhall I do?

Turn. I'll conduct you to a private Apartment, where you may remain without diſcovery; if danger comes near you, I will loſe my Life in your Defence.—Remain there, and I will bring a Subſcription from *Politico*.

Leu. There is nothing I expect leſs, or deſire more,—Do that, and be as happy as I can make you.

Turn. A happy Match! I told you our meeting would be to the purpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Politico *and* Manual.

Pol. 'Sdeath, the Rabble here already! I bid *Bigot* not bring them hither this half-hour.

Man. They are now unruly, *Bigot* can perſuade them to nothing; they threaten to burn your Houſe down.

Pol. Then I can't go to *Leucaſia*.

Man. Not without danger of your Life.

Pol. Why, then my whole Plot is ſpoil'd—To ſee the Malignity of Fortune! Where is Mr. *Turnabout* and *Subtleman*?

Man. They are both in the Houſe.

Pol. That's well—Engage Mr. *Turnabout* as far as you can in the danger, and leave him in it; Let *Mackdonnel* command the Servants, and make a vigorous defence, he is apprehenſive of few things, perhaps he will not be apprehenſive of danger. Prepare the Dark Vault for my reception, where, I think it is impoſſible for the many-headed Beaſt, with all its eyes, to find me.—Send the old Hermit to me; but let him know nothing of this diſappointment, it will leſſen my reputation extremely with the *Americans*.—If the Rabble break in, let them take Father *Cautious*'s Trunk for a Prey, and ſo I may ſave my own; which is good modern Policy.

Man. I ſhall punctually obſerve your Orders. [*Exit.*

Pol. I am not a little fearful of this danger; but *Sancto Hermoldo de Fulgoſo* muſt not perceive it.

Enter the Hermit.

Pol. Reverend Father, how fare you? Have you read over the Notes and Obſervations?

Sir Geo. Yes, I have read them.

Pol. And do they pleaſe you?

Sir Geo. I wonder your Reverence will condeſcend to ask that queſtion.—Am I a competent Judge of thoſe Divine Writings?

Pol. But is not the Contrivance wonderful?

Sir Geo. Beyond expreſſion or imitation. When I come to tell theſe things to the *Americans*, they will think I am a Lyar.

Pol. I will aſſure you, I have thought upon a Thouſand things more improbable.

Sir Geo. If your Reverence did not affirm it, I could never believe it.

Pol. Why look you, Sir, my conſtant method is to compaſs my ends by ſuch means as ſeem moſt contrary.

Sir Geo. So I perceive, with great admiration.

Pol. To that purpoſe, I have ſent one to excite the Rabble to Inſurrection and Sedition againſt us, on purpoſe to further our Cauſe.

Sir Geo. But how can that be?

Pol. Why thus: In the firſt place, the *Engliſh* Hereticks ſtand much in vindication of their own Innocence: but by this means we ſhall have plenty of Accuſations againſt them.

Sir Geo. Is that all?

Pol. No; by theſe means we ſhall render their Subjection more intolerable: for the oftner any Body of Men is ſubdu'd, ſo much heavier is the Yoke the Conquerour impoſes.—There's another.—

Sir Geo.

Sir *Geo.* Bleſs me, ſure there can be no more.

Pol. I perceive you want the Politicians Perſpective. For in the third place, we ſhall have the pleaſure to ſee the Hereticks make wry Faces under the Whipping-poſts and Gallows, which to me is as Comical a Sigth, as the Poſture-maſter, and all his Motions.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! wonderful! you muſt give me leave to write this down.

[*Pulls out a Book, and writes.*

Enter Young Subtleman.

Subt. Well, the buſineſs is done.

Pol. What buſineſs?

Subt. My Father is diſpatch'd.

Pol. Phy! never talk of that.

Subt. It is certainly true.

Pol. Where's the Eſtate?

Subt. Secure to my ſelf; the Will made to *Leucaſia* is loſt.

Pol. Then you will give it to the Church.

Subt. Why ſo?

Pol. Becauſe we have done it for you.

Subt. Have you done it then?

Pol. I will not anſwer directly, but you know what the Caſuiſts ſaid.

Subt. But I would know how, and where you did it.

Pol. Thoſe are Secrets, 'tis enough that 'tis done.

Subt. I dare ſay no more about it; that Old Gentleman will over-hear us.

Pol. He may without danger; he is our deareſt Friend and Confident, come from *America* to ſee me.

Subt. Then I may diſcourſe the buſineſs before him.

Pol. By all means; I would not for 1000 *l.* that he ſhould be ignorant of our Succeſs. [*To Sir* Geo.] Look you here, Father, is new matters of wonder. A young Gentlemen was troubled with an Old Peeviſh Heretical Father, that kept him from a good Eſtate, and would not ſuffer him to turn Catholick; but we have diſpatched him for his Pains, without more noiſe and trouble.

Sir *Geo.* Moſt excellently done.

Subt. I muſt confeſs my ſelf oblig'd to this Gentleman for that kindneſs. But, pray let me know by what means you did it?

Pol. Trouble not your head with that; is not the work done?

Subt. Yes, to my great Satisfaction; but ſtill I would know to whom I am moſt oblig'd.

Pol. Is any thing of moment done without me?—I muſt take the honour of it upon my ſelf, tho I know nothing of it. [*Aſide.*

Subt. I believe not, but ſtill it is done with that dexterity, that methinks I would fain learn it.

Pol. That is an height that every Capacity cannot reach.

Sir Geo. And do not you find your heart leap for Joy? Are not you a little tranſported now the work is done?

Subt. O! beyond meaſure! 'Tis the fineſt thing in the World to jump into an Eſtate, without expecting the tedious Courſe of Nature, that ſeldom gives us variety of Food, before ſhe has pall'd the Appetite.

Sir Geo. Well, I perceive now thou art a Villain. [*Aſide.*

Pol. But you muſt remember half that Eſtate is due to the Church.

Subt. It is all at your Service, if you will but tell me how it was done.

Pol. I muſt not diſcover that;—but if you will follow me in, I will ſhew you a Scheme how ſomething may be done that is like it.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Subt. There is nothing I deſire more.

Sir Geo. Well, I am now ſatisfied, that my Son is a Rogue and Villain. [*aſide.*]—[*To his Son.*] Meet me in the great Hall, a quarter of an hour hence, and I will diſcover all.

Subt. Was you then an Actor in it.

Sir. Geo. Yes, a principal one.—Do not fail.

Subt. By no means.

[*Exit Sir* Geo. Subtleman.

Subt. Solus.—So, now my buſineſs is done: I will get a Warrant and Indict them all of Wilful Murther, ſpend the Eſtate merrily, and leave the Fathers in the lurch to be hang'd and damn'd for me. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to a great Hall, where Mack. Turn. Man. Cautions, *are diſcover'd ſitting round a Table, on which are ſpread Guns, and Arms of all ſorts.* Turn.

Turn. Look ye Gentlemen, the buſineſs about which we meet, and are to conſult about, is this, whether we are able to reſiſt the Violence of the Rabble; or whether it be beſt to come to an honourable Compoſition?

Cau. I am for Compoſition, if it can be done without Charges.

Mack. And I by my Shoul, I am for Fighting, if it can be done without danger.

Man. My Maſter commits his ſafety to your care. As you diſcharge that truſt, you may expect his favour.

Turn. If you think of Fighting, we muſt know our number of Arms, Men, and Proviſion.

Man. As for Proviſions, we have good ſtore of Ale, Beer, *French* Wine, Brandy, and Uſquebaugh.

Turn. All this is good; and what Servants?

Mack. We have nine *Iriſh* Foot-men; but thoſe, my dear Joy, are all run away.

Man. And three *French* Valets; but one has not comb'd his Wig; another has not waſh'd his Face; and a third is puzzled to ſet his Crevat-ſtring; ſo that they cannot be in a Poſture of Defence this hour.

Turn. And is that all?

Man. No, we have two *High-German* Porters, but they have drunk ſo much to raiſe their Courage, that they have thrown their bulky Bodies, and lye wallowing in the Cellar. We had too an *Engliſh* Groom and Skullion, but they prove perfidious, and are gone over to the Enemy.

Cau. And where is my man *Jonathan?*

Man. At the head of the Rabble, exciting them to all manner of Indignities.

Cau. O! miſerable Wretch! I am undone then for ever.

Turn. Well, it is no matter for great numbers of Men, what Arms have you? The Rabble are like Jack-Daws, they make an hideous noiſe when they ſpy Carrion, but will fly at the ſmell of a little Gunpowder.

Mack. O! by my Shoul! Iſh have the very beſt Guns in the World, but I have forgot to provide one thing.

Turn. Pray, what's that?

Mack. A very ſmall thing, 'tis not worth mentioning.

Turn. Pray, let's hear it.

Mack. By my Shoul, I have forgot to provide a little Gunpowder.

Turn. Nay, then we muſt yield. My Opinion, in ſhort, is, that the Place is not Tenable, we muſt Surrender upon Diſcretion.

Man. And leave my Maſter to have his Brains knock'd out.

Turn. Perhaps not.—— Go you, and convey him to his dark Vault; then let every Man hide himſelf as conveniently as he can, and leave me, and Mrs. *Subtleman*, to manage their Fancy. The rage of the People is like the current of a River; let it paſs, and it glides away without damage; but ſtop it, and it overflows all.——What ſay you, Gentlemen, are you agreed?

Cau. I cannot agree, it is the way to loſe my Trunk.

Man. We muſt not all periſh for your Trunk.

Cau. Then I will get into one of my empty Cheſts, and dye, or periſh with them.

Mack. And iſh will creep into an Hogſhead, and dye, or periſh with it.

Turn. That will be the firſt thing they'll ſearch for.

Mack. Well, I will get under the Bed, and lie in Ambuſh.

Man. be quick in Execution: I'll go to my Maſter. [*Exit.*

Mack. Come, Brother *Cautious*, let us live. [*Exeunt two.*

Enter Subtleman.

Subt. Why, how now *Jack*, what doſt thou do alone in the midſt of this Confuſion?

Turn. Faith *Tom*, I am contriving a little Miſchief againſt Father *Politico*, and his Gang, and ſtand in need of thy aſſiſtance.

Subt. Thou ſhalt have it with all my heart.

Turn. It is no time for words, follow me to the Street-door, and you ſhall ſee it compleated.

Subt. Agreed, Love and Revenge move ſwiftly to their end.

Enter

Enter Manual *and* Politico.

Pol. Doſt thou ſuſpect, then, *Turnabout*'s Fidelity.

Man. Yes, becauſe he was ſo ready to Surrender.

Pol. Ay, but you ſuſpect him againſt the Rules of Policy. For *Turnabout* has dependencies upon me, Expectancies from me; and it is a general Rule, that ſcarce one Man is true to another, yet every Man is true to his own Intereſt.—— Beſides, he hath lately diſoblig'd me, therefore will endeavour to regain my favour.

Man. But what does your Reverence think of Mr. *Subtleman?*

Pol. I think 'tis impoſſible that he ſhould deceive us, wherefore leave them to manage all. Let *Sancto Hermolto de Fulgoſo* be put into the ſecureſt place of all the Houſe; if he receive any hurt, 'twill leſſen my Reputation in *America*; let *Turnabout* and *Subtleman* keep the Key of the Vault, and none have admittance to me but them; ſecure all my Political Notes and Obſervations, tho the Vulgar may not perceive they are taken from Play-books; remove *Hobbs* and *Machiavel* out of my Study, they are ſo thumb'd, it will be a ſhame to ſee them; hide the Pictures of thoſe pretty Ladies Mrs. *Counterfeit* ſent me: The Rabble will miſtake them for Saints, and burn them: As for the Religious Pictures, it is good to leave them to divert the ſway of the Mobile from things of greater Value.

Man. I ſhall obſerve it.

Pol. Turnabout has lately diſoblig'd me, tho againſt his will; and if thou couldſt contrive it ſo, as to excite the Rabble to kick, beat, or toſs him in a Blanket, I ſhould applaud and reward the Action.

Man. If I durſt appear, I could quickly do it.

Turnabout *croſſes the Stage without Hat, Crevat, or Sword.*

Pol. Mr. *Turnabout*, your moſt Faithful, Humble, and Obedient Servant.—I ſee you are taking as much pains for my Preſervation, as I take for your Advancement.

Turn. I have no reaſon to doubt it.

Pol. But why in this diſguiſe?

Turn. He that will deal with the Rabble, muſt appear a little like them.—Good Sir, retire with all ſpeed.—I am juſt going to let them in, and can't ſtay to give you a particular Account. [*Exit in haſte.*

Pol. Well, thou art a very fool, and ſo farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Turnabout *and* John Simper, *heading the Rabble.*

Turn. You ſee Gentlemen, ye are admitted without Reliſtance.—Pray, what is your buſineſs?

Jon. We came to ſearch for *Politico.*

Turn. I am ſorry he is fled; I got into the Houſe before you on purpoſe to ſurpriſe him, but he and all his Family are vaniſhed.—— The Lord.——

1 *Fellow.* Nay, it is probable he did deal with the Devil.

Jon. We came likewiſe to ſearch for Proteſtant Bridles, Popiſh Knives and Trinkets. Bear back there, and let four only Enter.

[*Thruſt 'em back.*

Turn. The Bridles are in the Stable, the Knives in the Kitchen, and the Trinkets are Relicks, and pack'd up in three or four great Trunks, and thruſt into a Vault in the Cellar.

Jon. Let two go and fetch them [*Exeunt two Porters to fetch them*]—The Treaſure is in the two little Boxes, ſend them to *Wapping*, and bring up the other.—— Pray Gentlemen, let us proceed with Moderation, no Filching, Stealing, Swearing, or Fighting; let us deſtroy nothing but Popiſh Trinkets.

1 *Fell.* Our Captain ſpeaks very diſcreetly, and we will obey him.

2 *Fell.* Honourable Captain, there is a Controverſy in the Cellar, whether Clarret or Whitewine are not Popiſh Goods, and ought to be deſtroy'd?

Jon. No queſtion of it. You know the *Hugonots* are all forbidden in *France*.

1 *Fell.* I am glad to hear it.

Jon. Clear the Houſe of all Maſs-books, and Pictures of Saints.

2 *Fell.* That's quickly done, we have burnt St. *Herculus* already.

Jon. Make diligent ſearch for *Politico*, or any of his Gang.

Enter

Enter two, dragging in Mackdonnel.

1 *Fell.* Dog, Rogue, creep under the Bed! thou art an *Iriſh* Papiſh, and we will kill thee.

Mack. By my Shoul, my dear Joy, I am no *Iriſh* man, iſh was born at *Cork*.

2 *Fell.* That *Cork* ſhant ſtop our Mouth.—Thou art an *Iriſh*-man, and we will knock thy Brains out.

3 *Fell.* If thou waſt born at *Cork*, thou muſt needs be light of Foot, and for the Jeſts ſake, I will throw thee out at th' Window.

[*Takes him in's Arms.*

1 *Fell.* Nay, if he was born at *Cork*, he muſt needs Swim; we will tye a Stone about's Neck, and throw him into the River, and that's a better Jeſt. [*Snatches him away.*

Mack. Nay, good my dear Joys, do not tie a Stone about my Neck.—I am very tender of my Head, and ſhall catch Cold immediately.

2 *Fell.* I tell thee, mine is the beſt Jeſt.

1 *Fell.* I ſay mine is.

[*They pull* Mackdonnel *about, and at laſt fall a Fighting.*

3 *Fell.* I ſay mine is.

Mack. Nay, when the Hereticks do Fight amongſt themſelves, the good Catholick always make their eſcape. [*Exit running.*

Jon. Pray Gentlemen leave Fighting, and mind your buſineſs. Look, here is an whole Trunk of Popiſh Trinkets.—[*Enter Porters, and ſet down the Trunk.*]—Break it open, it belongs to Father *Cautious* [*They break it open.*] ſo in the firſt place here is an old pair of Breeches:—See with what care they are preſerv'd, tho there be a thouſand Holes in them.—Theſe did belong to *Mathuſalem*.

1 *Fell.* If they did, they ſhall be burnt for Popiſh.

Jon. Then here are ſix Shirts.

2 *Fell.* They are not Shirts, but Surplices.—They muſt be burnt too.

1 *Fell.* But what's this wrap'd up in a Paper.

Jon. Hang me, if this covetous Dog, *Cautious*, is not tranſporting the Carcaſs of a Gooſe to *France*.

2 *Fell.* Pray, Noble Captain, what is it?

Jon. It is the Body of that famous *Conſtantinopolitan* Cock, that was raiſed from the dead.

1 *Fell.* Then it was a Popiſh Cock, and we will burn it.

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Gentlemen, I deſire you to conſult your own ſafety; The Soldiers are marching down with Powder and Ball:—You have ſeen all in the Houſe you can.

Jon. What ſay ye, ſhall we march away?

Rabble, Away, away, away; burn 'em, burn 'em, away, away.—

Exeunt, carrying with them Father Cautious's *Trunk.*

Turn. So, 'tis well, they are gone,—— Mr. *Subtleman* come out.

Enter Subtleman.

Come, *Jack*, the Coaſt is clear; The Rabble are haſtning away with all expedition; and all *Politico*'s Servants lye ſecure in holes, from whence they dare not ſtir till I call 'em.

Subt. Then now is the time to work *Politico* to your end—Have you plac'd *Leucaſia*'s Footmen in a Room next to *Politico*'s.

Turn. Yes, I have given good ſtore of Claret to carrouſe; I taught them a Song that will frighten *Politico* out of the Vault.

Subt. Then let us make haſte and free *Leucaſia* from all apprehenſion of danger; She is melancholly in the little Parlour: Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs with Mrs. *Betty*.

Turn. As quick as thou wouldſt have it—My Love moves ſo faſt, I fancy it near the center. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene Draws, and diſcovers Politico *lying on a Couch, in a Dark Vault in a Melancholy Poſture.*

Pol. Well, this laſt Plot of raiſing the Rabble, is likely to prove dangerous, tho' it wants nothing but ſucceſs to render it a Maſterpiece for the beſt Politician in *Europe*.

[*A noiſe of Singing and Huzzaing behind the Scenes.*

But what noiſe is this! O my Conſcience the Rabble are got into the next Room, I ſhall be torn in pieces before ſuccours can come.

A Song behind the Scenes, ſuppos'd to be Sung by the Rabble.

COme Brother let's Drink, what ever you think,
Politico's *Noddle is empty:*
We'll knock out his Brains in the Skull that remains
We'll drink Sack and Claret in plenty.

His Fleſh we will eat, it is excellent Meat,
His Blood ſhall ſerve us for Drinking;
His Bones we will pair, till they are ſo bare,
There ſhall be no danger of Stinking.

Pol. Bloody Rogues! Villians! they make me tremble, but I ſhall ſhortly have the pleaſure to ſee them all hang'd.

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Sir.

Pol. Who's there?

Turn. 'Tis I.——

Pol. You are welcome, but ſpeak ſoftly; what News?

Turn. All's loſt.

Pol. It is not.—I have prudence enough left to recover all.

Turn. I mean all but your Reverence's Prudence.

Pol. But, prethee, what's the matter?—Speak ſoftly.

Turn. Captain *Tom* is fully reſolv'd.

Pol. To do what?

Turn. To ſhut up the Doors, and burn the Houſe down.

Pol. Does he know that I am in it?

Turn. As well as I do.

Pol. Who betray'd me?

Turn. 'Tis uncertain; he has the beſt Intelligence in *Europe*; nothing that is done can eſcape his knowledg.

Pol. I thought he had been an Ignorant Mechanical Fellow.

Turn. So the World thinks him; but 'tis certain, (excepting your ſelf) he is the greateſt Stateſman in *Europe*.

Pol. What then would you have me do?

Turn. Reſolve to periſh nobly in the Flames; your Fame will ſhine the brighter.

Pol. Burning is no fit Death for a Stateſman, they ſhould dye by Poyſon, or the Ax, or the Halter. Burning puts me in mind of a *Smithfield* Heretick.

Turn. There is no Ax to be got, but if your Reverence is in very urgent neceſſity, I have a ſmall quantity of Arſenick in one Pocket, and an Halter in the other.

Pol. But why ſo deſperate Mr. *Turnabout?* Can you bring him to no Conditions?

Turn. None but what are worſe than Death. You can never endure to hear them.

Pol. I perceive you don't underſtand the true Rules of Policy. Let the Conditions be never ſo bad, we will hearken to them, give Hopes Accommodation, and interpoſe Delays till Succour come, and he's taken napping.

Turn. Alas, Sir, that is too vulgar a Policy to impoſe upon a Man of his underſtanding. He will allow you a quarter of an hours time for Deliberation.

Pol. Then, pray, let me hear his Conditions.

Turn. Firſt, he will have an Inſtrument under your Hand and Seal, wherein you muſt Renounce and Diſclaim all pretences to the Name of a Politician, and acknowledg your ſelf to be a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Pol. Renounce all Pretences to the Name of Politician, &c. A pretty homour this, I will ſooner dye than do it.

Turn. I will go and tell him ſo. [*Is going.*

Pol. No, ſtay, Self-preſervation is a Fundamental Law of Nature. I will ſubmit to it; but why ſhould he impoſe ſuch an unreaſonable Task upon me?

Turn. He is a Rival of your Fame, and envious of your Glory, which he would fain ſully, by rendring you Ridiculous in all the Courts in *Chriſtendom*.

Pol. I believe ſo,—— and therefore I will ſooner dye than loſe my Honour.—— Bid him fire the Houſe.

Turn. It ſhall be done in a moment.

[*Is going.*

Pol. But ſtay, [*pauſes*] neceſſity has no Law; I muſt ſubmit, tho I had rather loſe ten of my Toes, and ſix of my Fingers. But what is his two Articles.

Turn. It is of near Kin to the other.—— You muſt ſolemnly Promiſe and Swear, never to intermeddle with Matters of State,

or Haunt the Courts of Princes, or belye the Favours of Great Men, but ſpend the remainder of your time in Study and Devotion.

Pol. It is an impoſſible Condition, I can never perform it.

Turn. Why ſo?

Pol. Becauſe it is as natural to me to intermeddle with Affairs of State, as 'tis to a Bird to fly, or a Fiſh to ſwim. And how ſhould I give up my ſelf to the Study of Books, or Devotion, who have been diſus'd from both theſe twenty years.

Turn. But I ſay it is not impoſſible.

Pol. But I ſay it is:——Let him burn the Houſe.

Turn. I ſay it is not; for tho it be impoſſible to perform, yet it is not impoſſible to promiſe.

Pol. Ay, there you diſtinguiſh rightly. It is not impoſſible for me to promiſe it.

Turn. Then I ſhall tell him that you conſent to his Conditions of Peace.

Pol. Yes, do; let him inſult at preſent. I ſhall ſoon over-reach his Policy, and bring him to the Gallows, and then I will ſo diſappoint him of his Fame, that I will not ſo much as ſuffer a Ballad to be made in his Commendation.

Turn. That will vex him extreamly.—— I'll return preſently with a Copy of the Agreement.

Pol. I'll attend you, but make haſte.

Turn. Ne're fear it. [*Exit.*

Pol. This *Turnabout* is a very Gooſe.—— I hate him mortally, and yet he thinks me his greateſt Friend.

Enter Turnabout *with four of* Leucaſia's *Footmen.*

Turn. Here, you Rogues, lies *Politico*, fright him to ſome purpoſe, but offer no Violence to his Perſon. [*Aſide to the Footmen.*

1 *Foot.* Let us alone for that.

2 *Foot.* Zooks, *Jack*, I'll be hang'd if *Politico* is not hid in this dark Cellar. Let's fetch a Light.

3 *Foot.* Damn a Light, we will grope him out with our Hands.

Pol. Now Heavens defend me, *Turnabout* has left the Door open, and I ſhall fall into the Hands of the Rabble.

4 *Foot.* Groping is the beſt way, but haſt got a Knife ready?

2 *Foot.* For what?

4 *Foot.* To cut out the Dogs Tongue, and keep the tip in our Pockets.

2 *Foot.* I have a Ropes end, and a Bulls Pizzle.

3 *Foot.* They are too gentle Inſtruments. would I have him Broil'd on a Gridiron.

4 *Foot.* I ſay, Boil him in a Caldron.

1 *Foot.* I ſay, Roaſt him.

2 *Foot.* I ſay, 'Igad, lets eat him, if the Rogue does not Stink for fear; he will be good fat Meat.

Pol. Bloody Rogues! Villains! What would I give to be free from this danger?

3 *Foot.* The beſt way to catch him, is to ſpread our ſelves over the Room,——and if ye hear him ſtir.——

Pol. Oh! But we Politicians have a trick for that.

[*They grope up and down the Room.* Politico *pulls off his Shooes, and ſtill as they come near him, ſlips away.*

2 *Foot.* Haſt found him *Tom?*

3 *Foot.* No, but methinks I ſcent him.

4 *Foot.* And 'Igad, I have found his Shooes. [*Takes 'em up.*

1 *Foot.* Then he muſt be near.

Pol. O me Miſerum!

2 *Foot.* We had beſt fetch a Light. All, a Light! a Light! a Light! [*Exeunt.*

Pol. I am glad the Villains are gone; but if they return with a Light before *Turnabout* brings Articles of Peace, I am undone.—To ſave my Life, I will ſign any Condition, but keep none, becauſe they are extorted, *Meta Mortis.*

Enter Turnabout *with a dark Lanthorn, and Papers in his Hand.*

Turn. Sir, where are you?

Pol. Here, ſweet Mr. *Turnabout*; you did ill to leave the Door open, the Rabble had almoſt found me: I muſt now be contented to Seal a Blank.

Turn.

Turn. No, you ſhall not do it: The Inſolence of Captain *Tom* is intollerable, he will have you not only Sign, but make the ſame acknowledgment before him blindfold.

Pol. And why blindfold, prithee?

Turn. The ambitious Stateſman looks upon that as an acknowledgment, that you are ſo much his Inferior, that you are unworthy to look upon him.

Pol. I can never do it. You muſt bid him fire the Houſe, and yet Life is ſweet.—— Well, proceed.

Turn. And not only ſo, but he will have you renounce all Pretenſions to *Leucaſia*, and publickly profeſs, that you believe her to be Miſtriſs of neither Wit, Beauty, or Virtue.

Pol. And why ſo?

Turn. 'Tis Envy, Igad, meer Envy.

Pol. Right Mr. *Turnabout*, it is Envy. I have always obſerv'd, that the greateſt Stateſmen have been my greateſt Enemies. But how could he know any thing of *Leucaſia*.

Turn. Did not I tell you, that he knew all things?

Pol. So it ſeems by this.

Turn. Then in the laſt place, you muſt provide him and his Gang a ſplendid Supper, where your ſelf muſt wait upon him in Perſon, drink a Grace-cup of Reconcilement, and be Friends for ever.—Sure you will never ſubmit to this.

Pol. Not ſubmit to it, yes, with all mine heart, Ha, ha, ha, He a Politician, he an Aſs. This one falſe ſtep ſhall be his Ruin.—— I faith, Captain *Tom*, I am glad I have catch'd thee in a Trap.

Turn. But how?

Pol. Why, look you Mr. *Turnabout*, this young Man in his laſt Demands, is guilty of two notorious Errors. For *1ſt.* He permits his mortal Enemy to fill him Wine at Supper, not conſidering how eaſy a matter 'twere for me to mingle him a glaſs of Arſenick.

Turn. Ay, there I proteſt you catch him.

Pol. Then by ſtaying Supper, he gives me opportunity to ſend for Guards to ſurpriſe him and his Mermidons; ſee him fairly hang'd, and my ſelf triumphantly ſurvive him; ha, ha. Come, let us make all imaginable haſte to prevent the return of the Rabble.—— You ſhall introduce me.

Turn. I attend your Motion. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a great Hall; Chairs ſet, Leucaſia's *Servants attending.*

Enter Subtleman, *leading in* Leucaſia.

Subt. Pleaſe you Madam, to take your Seat, and we will preſent you with the moſt Comical Sight in the World: Mr. *Turnabout* will preſently be here, and lay the mighty *Politico* at your Feet, humbly acknowledging himſelf to be a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Leu. 'Tis ſo well known, there's no need of his Teſtimony to confirm it; but methinks we ſhould have more Spectators.

Subt. You will ſee enough preſently; I have ſent to *Sancho Hermolto de Fulgoſo*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and the whole Gang; we ſhall burſt with Laughter. My Lord *Brittain* will be here too.

Leu. That Lord is truly Noble, his Native Generoſity too great to be viciated by any Speculative Opinion. I would not have him affronted.

Subt. He will not think himſelf affronted, to ſee a few turbulent Prieſts made Ridiculous. I rather think 'twill give him great Diverſion.

Leu. I could be much Merrier, if I were ſatisfied concerning Sir *George*'s Abſence; and I can aſſure you a great Blemiſh does from thence reflect on you.

Subt. Faith, Madam, I muſt wipe of that as well as I can; but I am reſolved to be Merry this happy minute, whatever happens the next.——Pray, Madam, take your Seat.

Leucaſia *places her ſelf in the great Chair.*

Enter Sir George, Subtleman.

Sir *Geo.* Save you Mr. *Subtleman*, this is an odd Change, to be ſent for out of Danger, to ſee a Play.—— I am not us'd to ſuch Diverſion in *America*.

Subt. You will ſee nothing here, but an innocent Repreſentation of ſome Follies of

Human Nature, to diſpel thoſe Melancholly Fumes that are the ſmall Relicks of ſtupifying Dangers.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, you do well to rejoyce. You have loſt a Father.

Subt. I thank the Fates for it, he departed in a very ſeaſonable time.

[*Aſide to Sir* Geo.] But are theſe Circumſtances true, that you told me in the Parlour.

Sir *Geo.* All very true.

Subt. And you, and *Politico*, Father *Cautious*, and *Bigot*, concerned in it.

Sir *Geo.* All equally concern'd; ſure you'll reward us.

Subt. Moſt bountifully.

Sir *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] Well, then I do perceive thou art a very Villain.

[*Sir* George *takes his Seat.*

Enter Lord Brittain.

Subt. My Lord, your very humble Servant, we have prepared a ſmall Interlude, we hope will not be altogether diſpleaſing to your Lordſhip, tho it reflects a little on the Prieſts of your Religion.

Lord *Brit.* Never the more for that; I love their Regular, but hate their Excentrick motions; nothing to me is more ridiculouſly Odious.

Subt. Then, pray, take your Seat there.

[*Takes his Seat.*

Enter Cautious *and* Mackdonnel.

Mack. And how my dear Joy, didſt thou come back from *Wapping*? Or didſt thou ſtay there lock'd up in thy Cheſt till this time?

Cau. You ſee I am returned, but with an heavy Heart, and a light Purſe. The Rabble carried me thither in one of my own Cheſts, and I lay very ſtill. I underſtood that I was to be clap'd on Board for *Sweedland*. Then fearing the loſs of my natural Treaſure, I crept away ſlily, and am glad to ſee the Storm is blown over.

Mack. Yeſh, by my Shoul, dear Joy, we ſhall have a rare ſhow, and laugh at the Heretical Dogs, till we do make them cry their Eyes out.

Subt. Mr. *Cautious*, why ſo Penſive?

Caut. Alas, Sir, I have cauſe enough, my Money is all loſt. I ſaw it ſet ſail for *Sweedland* with a fair Wind, and ſent two or three Sighs after it, which blew it farther from me.

Subt. It is well you are not covetous, if you were, you would hang your ſelf.

Caut. No, I am not Covetous. But I think your Note did make ſome mention of Money. [*Aſide to* Cautious.

Subt. If you had any hand in the Death of the Old Man, I deſign 500 *l.* for your Reward.

Caut. That is ſome comfort, I could find in my heart to own it. [*Aſide.*

Subt. Well, what ſay you?

Caut. I ſay you are greatly beholden to me for it. How, want of Money will make a Man lye! [*Aſide.*

Subt. Then take your Seat. As ſoon as our Play is done, we'll diſcourſe further about it.

[*Places himſelf. Soft Muſick.*

Enter Turnabout *leading* Politico *blinded with an Handkerchief.*

Turn. There ſits the Captain, kneel down as ſoon as I give the Sign, and repeat your Leſſon, *Totidem Verbis*.

Pol. I warrant you; but what Company is here?

Turn. None but a confus'd Rabble.

Pol. Lead on, I don't value them.

Herm. Bleſs me, what is the meaning of that?

Caut. I am ſtruck with Admiration!

Lord *Brit.* Be ſilent, and attend the iſſue.

[Turnabout *leads* Politico *juſt over againſt* Leucaſia's *Chair, and then ſpeaks ſoftly to him.*

Turn. Now you are in the right Place, make your Honour.

[Politico *makes three very low Bows, and then Kneels down.*

Pol. Softly to Mr. *Turnabout.*] Methinks tho, Captain *Tom* might allow me a Cuſhion.

Turn. Ne're ſtand upon that, ſpeak out.

Pol. Moſt high and mighty, thrice Illuſtrious Hero.

Leu.

Leu. Thrice Illuſtrious is not Title ſufficient. I will be ſtil'd ſix times Illuſtrious Hero.

Mack. By my Shoul, my dear Joy, thou art out: Thou muſt ſay half a dozen times Illuſtrious Hero.

Pol. Moſt High and Mighty, Six times Illuſtrious Hero.

Leu. That's well.

Pol. I do here in the preſence of all this Company ————

Leu. Company is too mean a word—— I will have egregious Society.

Pol. I do here in the preſence of this *Egregious* Society.

Cau. to Sir *Geo.* Do you know the meaning of this?

Sir *Geo.* Not I: Be ſilent.

Leu. Proceed.

Pol. Profeſs, own, and declare.

Leu. That is not compleat enough; I will have it profeſs, confeſs, acknowledg, own, declare, denounce, manifeſt, make known and publick.

Pol. Softly to *Turn.* Bleſs me! this Capt. *Tom.* is very hard to pleaſe— Pray intercede for me to his Highneſs, that there may be ſome abatement.

Turn. 'Tis impoſſible; you muſt perform all.

Pol. I do profeſs, confeſs, acknowledg, own, declare, denounce, manifeſt, make known and publick.

Leu. That's tolerably well done.

Pol. To all Chriſtian people, as well Catholicks as others.

Leu. What's that? Speak out.

Mack. He doſh ſhay, my dear Joy——To all Chriſtian people, aſh well Infidels aſh others.

Leu. I will paſs that by; Let him proceed.

Pol. That I *Politico* am no Stateſman, no Wiſe man, no Scholar; but a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Leu. That's very right,—— I hope, at length you will learn to ſpeak plain truth.

Pol. Aſide to *Turn.* This Captain *Tom* has a ſhrill Voice, I fancy he is but an effeminate Fellow.

Turn. Tuſh——Proceed, or you will raiſe his fury.

Pol. I do alſo Promiſe, Vow, and Swear, That I will not for the future meddle with Affairs of State, or haunt the Courts of Princes, or belye the Favours of Great men; but beſtow the remainder of my time in ſtudy of Books and Learning.

Leu. That's well, ſpeak it out.

Pol. (*Repeats the ſame words aloud.*)

Cau. to L. *Brit.* Is this *Politico* himſelf! or one that repreſents him?

L. *Brit.* I know not, nor do I care; I like things well enough.

Pol. And laſtly, whereas I did pretend admiration of the Lady *Leucaſia*, I do now Vow, and Declare, that I did but diſſemble, and did never think her Handſome, Witty, Wiſe, or Virtuous.

Turn. Ha, ha, The buſineſs is done. Sir, your Servant.

[Turnabout *pulls off the Handkerchief, The Prieſts grin, and the reſt laugh.*

Pol. Bleſs me! What is the meaning of this! Here is no Rabble, no Captain *Tom*, but all Friends, except that pretty Enemy *Leucaſia.* [*Aſide.*

Turn. The meaning is, Sir, that you are gull'd, groſly and palpably gull'd;—— The Rabble has been gone theſe two hours,—— Nothing but your own Fears and Follies has betray'd you into this acknowledgment, by the aſſiſtance of your Humble Servant *Turnabout.*

Leu. I Vow, Sir, you did ill not to ſtand upon your Guard better; but ſuffer your ſelf to be thus ſurprized by the ſtratagem of a ſilly Woman, and one of your own Pupils.

Pol. To *Turn.* Rogue——Villain——Dog, haſt thou deceived me?

Turn. 'Tis in vain to fret your ſelf, you taught me to Deceive; your ſelf encourag'd me to Deceive; And how can you be angry that at laſt I have deceived you?

Pol. I will be reveng'd for this indignity. *To my L.* Brittain.

My Lord, will you ſuffer one of my Character to be thus abus'd.

L. *Brit.* Sir, I am ready to defend you with my Life, as long as you act in that Sphere

Sphere which is proper to your ſtation; but when you exceed the bounds of that, and fall into Calamities and Abſurdities, I muſt leave you.

Leu. Alas, my Lord, He can be left in no calamity the ſpace of half an hour; —— Let him but take a turn or two about the Room, and he will have Plots enough to confound us all.

Pol. Art thou mad, *Turnabout*, to raiſe up againſt thy ſelf ſo powerful an Enemy?

Turn. Not in the leaſt: You are made ridiculous, and your being ridiculous does make you impotent: Nor have you any reaſon to accuſe me of falſhood, ſince I only put in practice the Arts which you taught me.

Pol. Confuſion ſeize thee——I will be revenged. [*Exit.*

Subt. Let him go, he will ſoon be brought again.

Enter Bigot, Speedwell, Counterfeit, *and four or five tawdry Whores.*

Big. The laſt enterprize of ſtirring up the Rabble, did unfortunately miſcarry in my hands: I rais'd 'em with ſucceſs, but could no more Govern the Rogues, than Command a Whirlwind; Inſtead of hurting *Leucaſia*, they have done infinite damage to our ſelves—But I ſhall recover my credit, by preſenting this goodly Company with ſome new Converts of my own making.

Subt. Mr. *Bigot*, you come too late. But what do you do with all theſe Women?

Big. Theſe are Virtuous Ladies, whom I have converted by my own induſtry and eloquence, from their long-imbib'd Errors.

Leu. I perceive a new Scene of mirth is opening.

Big. Mrs. *Speedwell*, pray ſpeak for your ſelf; or if you are aſham'd, let me ſpeak for you. [*To the Company*, This Lady, not full two hours ſince, was an inveterate Phanatick, infected with the loathſome Scabs of a Vicious Error.

Leu. What a Spiritual Mountebank this is!

Big. But I, by Application of thoſe Remedies that are proper to Diſeaſes of this Nature, have reduc'd her to perfect Internal Sanity. Mrs. *Speedwell*, pray ſpeak for your ſelf.

Speed. Mr. *Subtleman* will know me, and then I am diſgrac'd for ever.

Big. Be not aſham'd of Truth, it needs no Vizor. [*Pulls of her Mask, and ſhews her to Mr.* Subtleman.

Subt. O! Mrs. *Speedwell*, Your very humble Servant—— This is a caſt Miſtreſs of mine, ſo damn'd unreaſonable and perfidious, that like the Wars of our *French* Monarch, She was never to be ſatisfied with Men or Mony.—If this be your new virtuous Convert, I wiſh you much joy of her.

Big. Do you jeer me?

Subt. If I do, it is your fault; you are ſo horridly gull'd in this, that to laugh at you is no matter of choice, but of neceſſity.

Big. I ſay, again, Mrs. *Speedwell*, ſpeak for your ſelf, Is this true?

Speed. Why, to ſpeak the truth, a Woman muſt get her livelyhood ſome way or other: I liv'd honeſtly on my Trade, and paid every one till ſtirs and combuſtion came, and my Trade decay'd, and Mr. *Subtleman* caſt me off; and then I was ſent to turn Religious whether I would or no: And, pray, who can blame me for that?

Leu. A very ingenuous Confeſſion.

Big. Well, tho' I am miſtaken in this one, yet Envy it ſelf can object, I preſume, nothing againſt the other —— Pray let them declare their moſt ſtupendious Converſion.

Turn. You need not, I know them all—They are a parcel of Jilting Queans, pick'd up from Suburb Bawdy-houſes; the leavings of Porters and Footmen—— Pray Mr. *Bigot* remove them, they are very offenſive.

Big. If I thought ſo, I would turn them off, they will be a ſcandal.

1 *Whore*, Ay, but you promis'd me a new Gown.

2 —— And me a Place at Court

3 —— And me a Penſion.

4 —— And me to be Lady Abbeſs.

1 —— You told us you would bring us to Court.

2 —— And ſaid we ſhould have Dogs, and Monkeys, and live like Ladies.

3 —— And

3 ——And that we ſhould take place of all the Hereticks.

4—— And that we ſhould ride in Coaches and Chairs ——And now do you think to put us off ſo?

Big. But Mr. *Turnabout* ſays you are Whores —— And I will have nothing to do with Whores.

1 ——Then I'll ſeize your Crevat for default of payment.

2 ——And I your Perruke.

3 ——And I your Hat.

4 ——And I'll have a Penny worth out of your Eyes —— D'ye think an honeſt Woman can go to Church for nothing?

[*They all fall upon him, and tear him about.*

Big. Murther, murther, Help me, or I ſhall be deſtroy'd.

L. *Brit.* I am ſick of theſe follies, and will retire. [*Exit.*

Cau. and Her. Hold, Hold,——

[*They interpoſe, and take 'em off him.*

Lew. I proteſt, Mr. *Bigot*, I can but pity you; you had like to have incurr'd *Acteon*'s fate, and been devour'd by your own Hounds.

Enter Conſtable and Watch, bringing in Politico.

Conſt. Here Mr. *Subtleman*, This I ſuppoſe is the Man.

Subt. The very ſame; and I charge you to ſeize this, and this, and this ——

[*Pointing to* Cautious, Bigot, *and* Hermolto.

Cau. What is this part of your Play!

[*They ſeize them.*

Subt. No, Faith I am in earneſt; you muſt all four go before the Juſtice, where I muſt accuſe you of the wilful murther of my Honoured Father, Sir *George Subtleman.*

[*Counterfeit and the Whores run away.*

Pol. How dare you attempt one of my Figure?

Subt. I ſhall leave that to the Law, the Judge, and the Hangman——Alas! Sir, I am but a poor Inſtrument in the Proſecution.

Her. And wilt thou bring theſe Gray Hairs, and this Reverend Beard to the Gallows?

Subt. Faith, Reverend Father, I muſt confeſs there is ſome difficulty in Hanging a Man with ſo long a Beard; but if it be troubleſome to you, you may tye it up under a Cap, or tuck it under your Girdle;—— or uſe any other method moſt agreeable to your diſcretion.

Pol. Nay, if you be in earneſt——I proteſt I had no hand in it.

Subt. I can depoſe on Oath, you confeſs'd to me that you had.

Pol. It was cleverly done, and I thought it was for my Reputation.

Cau. I am Innocent as the Child unborn.

Subt. But you confeſs'd the Fact to me.

Cau. That was to recover the loſs of my Trunk.

Big. I never did it; but I wiſh I had.

Subt. We have witneſs againſt you, and you ſhall be hang'd for wiſhing. Conſtable do your Office. [*Conſtable, &c. offer to drag them away.*

Her. Nay, now I am in a fine caſe; if I ſhould come to be hang'd for killing my my ſelf, it were a pretty Jeſt, if it were not too much in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Subt. I ſay, Conſtable do your Office.

Herm. Nay, then 'tis time to diſcover my ſelf—— [*Sir* George *throws off his Diſguiſe, and diſcovers himſelf.*

All. O! Sir *George*, Sir *George*, you are welcome from the Dead.

Sir *Geo.* Yes faith, Gentlemen, I am honeſt old hearty Sir *George Subtleman*, that took this Diſguiſe, and ſpread abroad the report of my Death, to ſee how far my Son was debauch'd with the Principles of their damn'd Caſuiſtical Divinity; and ſince I find him pretty honeſt, as the times go, I will give him all.

Subt. O, my deareſt Father, How am I ſurpris'd to ſee you! [*They embrace.*

Lew. I am tranſported with joy! The turn is ſo wonderful, and it had not ſpoil'd the Hanging of theſe Sacerdotal Vermin, nothing could have hapned more delightful.

Pol. How damnably am I deceiv'd! I told the whole Court he came from *America*.

Turn. We are all diſpos'd for mirth but theſe Gownmen, who have moſt reaſon, as having eſcap'd the greateſt danger.

Cau.

Cau. Since I have loſt my Trunk, Hanging could be no great affliction.

Pol. When I have loſt my Reputation, what does my Life ſignifie?

Big. I ſee the Catholick Cauſe is dying, I wiſh that I could dye with it.

Turn. to Leu. Madam, I have now perform'd my Promiſe, and expect you to give me my Reward, without fraud or Jeſuitical equivocation.

Leu. Here, take my Hand, and Aſſurance with it, That from this time I ſhall be always yours; I did always Love you, tho' ſome Courſes you took did highly diſoblige me, from which I was reſolv'd to reclaim you. But your laſt good ſervice has cancell'd all former miſcarriages; and ſince you have given me this half hour of pleaſure, I ſhall dedicate the remainder of my Life and Fortune to make you happy.

Turn. And faith, Madam, ſince you are ſo bountiful, I ſhall leave all this crew of whimſical Pedants, and the damn'd Vices of this Town, and ſtudy only how to make my ſelf happy by pleaſing you.

Sir *George.* I faith Neece, this is to the purpoſe, I will be merry at your Wedding, and Dance, and Jump, and Sing, and Hollow; and for Mr. *Turnabout*'s encouragement, will ſettle 200 *l. per Annum* on the firſt Child, and allow my Son ſo competent a maintenance, that he ſhall not need to depend on that Gang any longer.

Subi. Then all have reaſon to rejoyce; none but the Fathers are dejected.

Turn. I know they are concern'd for their loſs of Reputation; *Politico* ſhall give us a Supper, as he promis'd, and Captain *Tom* and we will conceal all thoſe diſappointments.

Pol. Agreed, for Peace ſake I will do it; but you muſt be ſure to be very ſecret, and I will never meddle with buſineſs of this nature more.

Turn. Then all is happily ended: For——

When Prieſts forſake the buſineſs of the State,
And on the Duties of their Office wait,
Expect the Iſſue of a proſperous fate,
But when they ſteer the Helm, they hurry on
A diſmal Night of black confuſion.
Nature a wound in every part muſt feel,
And her whole ſyſteme with diſorder reel.

Plautus

FINIS COMMEDIÆ.

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